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THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

NEWS LITERATURE AND ART

A Family Newspaper for Town and Country.

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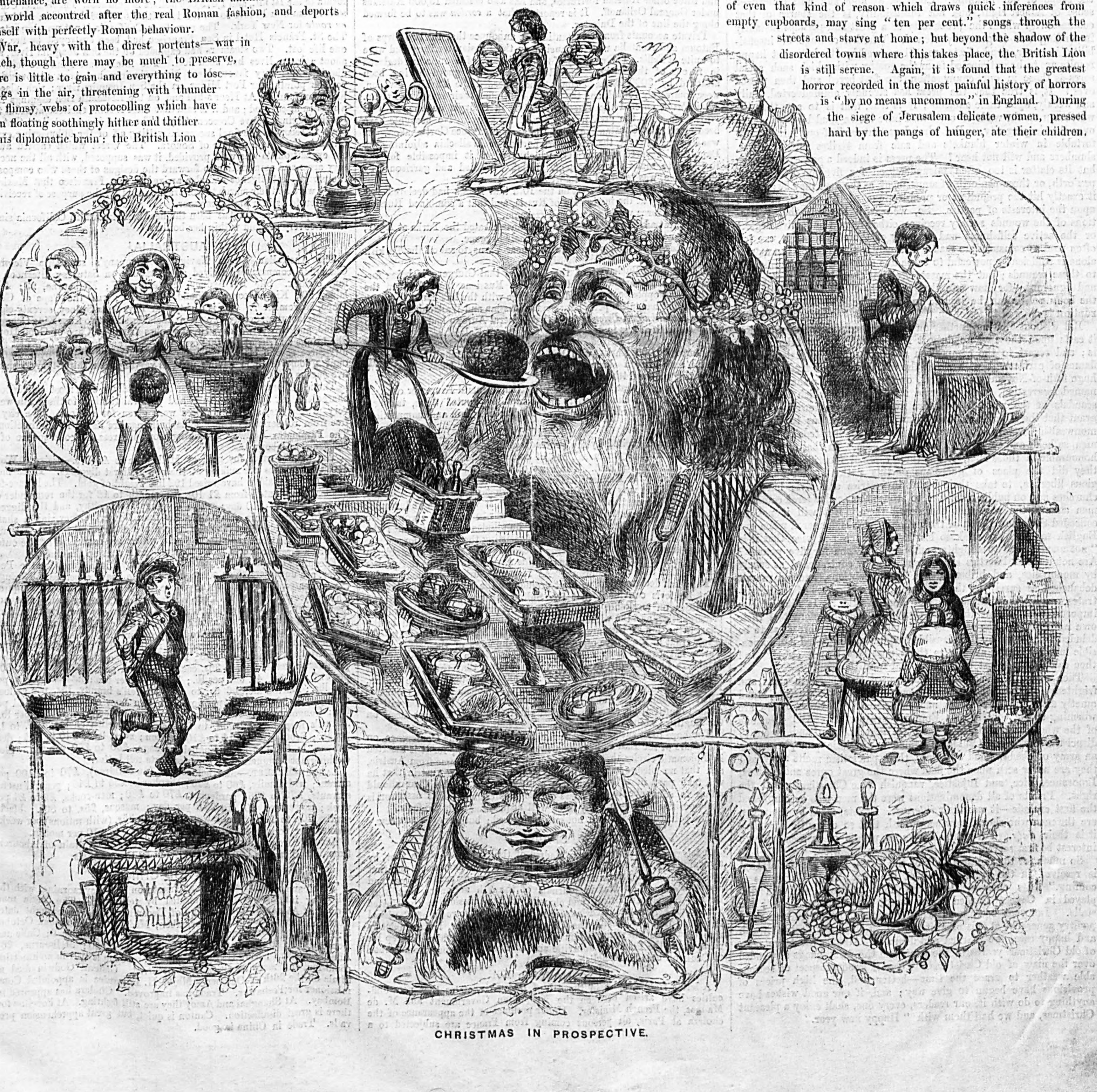
THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

THE celebrated British Lion may be said—for any anomaly is tolerable in heraldic zoology—to have moulted. Those sturdy boots—that benevolent broad-brimmed hat, casting an amiable shadow o'er his countenance, are worn no more; the British animal stands before the world accoutred after the real Roman fashion, and deports himself with perfectly Roman behaviour.

War, heavy with the direst portents—war in which, though there may be much to preserve, there is little to gain and everything to lose—hangs in the air, threatening with thunder the flimsy webs of protocolling which have been floating soothingly hither and thither in his diplomatic brain: the British Lion cracks his excellent joke about Bears and Greece, and proceeds with his breakfast or his business. Truckling, bribery, corruption, rottenness, and all the many, many ills that corporations are heir to, are discovered festering within the great City of London—"the greatest city of the greatest empire in the world," as its learned and respectable Solicitor is only too delighted to find an opportunity of describing it—it is discovered, let us repeat, that even these enormities are corroding the very heart of the Lion himself; but he is still a Roman beast, neither very much surprised nor very much agitated. The manufacturing districts may cease to manufacture; the mills may close, and thousands of workpeople, charmed by wily tongues out of even that kind of reason which draws quick inferences from empty cupboards, may sing "ten per cent." songs through the streets and starve at home; but beyond the shadow of the disordered towns where this takes place, the British Lion is still serene. Again, it is found that the greatest horror recorded in the most painful history of horrors is "by no means uncommon" in England. During the siege of Jerusalem delicate women, pressed hard by the pangs of hunger, ate their children.



CHRISTMAS IN PROSPECTIVE.

English mothers of the present period, pressed hard for a five-pound note, "not uncommonly" do much the same thing. They murder and bury them for that sum of money. Whether the children of besieged Jerusalem were elaborately prepared for the table is not said; but it may be possible, for the children of English villages *are* prepared for death and their coffins. The process is simple and familiar. A child is entered in two or three Burial Clubs; and when the subscriptions have been paid for a few weeks, the parent kills the child, receives the premiums for burial, and applies the surplus in drink, food, or a Sunday gown. This also the Lion knows; it has clucked "tc, tc," over the information in its morning paper; but as for a sensation, scarce a flutter is betrayed.

Wonderful is the study of animals. Two years since a piece of paper came in a carpet-bag from Italy, calling the Romish bishops names. Then society was aroused; then every fibre in its mane stood erect and quivered; then the Great Lion (he wore the veritable hat and top-boots at that time) roared with rage at Marylebone, and trembled with fear in all the Halls of Exeter. To conquer or to die was the only alternative. The Lion fought, raged, and conquered; the snake at his hearth was scotched. The Popish bishops were to be called names no longer—in anything above a whisper; and the State was saved. That is two years ago. At this moment, not the prospect of a scourging war, nor Corporation abuses, great in meanness and gross in immorality, nor the fact that thousands are made destitute because fools are sometimes plausible, nor proof that, of all the horrors of the most terrible siege in the world's history, the topmost is *commonly* paralleled in these British dominions—none nor all of these things, fraught as they are with deadliest effect upon the character and welfare of the state, are capable of exciting any *real* sensation.

The first-named item of disquietude, however, falls little within the scope of our meaning. Courage, we hope and well believe—a sense of honest right, and not insensibility, is the source of that coolness with which the probability of a great and perhaps instantly impending war is generally viewed. Whether courage or insensibility, however, good effects are still secured by it; but what happy results are to be anticipated from the apathy with which such social sores as those in our enumeration are first bared and then passed over? It is true that the press has strongly animadverted, daily and weekly, upon these subjects; it is true, that is to say, that the watchmen on the walls of our Israel have blown loud blasts of alarm over the sleeping city. But what does that avail if our Israel, comfortable in winter blankets and safe from strikes and murders, slumbers and will not hear? The press is indeed a powerful engine; but its clatter is too often misunderstood for five-pen'orth, or sixpen'orth, or three-pen'orth of amusement, as the case may be; unless it exactly hit the prejudices or predilections of the people, or strike upon the interests of parties. So, we fear, it happens that revelations of the wounds society receives, either from the passive neglect or the active selfishness and tyranny of those who rule it, are too often read as romances are read. Frequently the voice of the masses alone is sufficiently powerful to cause due surgery to be administered to these wounds; but the masses feel not their hurt *immediately;* and ignorant—for how are they taught?—that no one member of the body politic can be injured and the rest escape danger, the corruption is allowed to fester on.

But without dilating further on that fact, or the guilty reflection it casts upon those whose duty it is to educate, let us take it as it is; and revert to the comparison we first instituted between the flames of excitement with which the whole country blazed, like one huge fifth-of-November tar-barrel, on the merest trifle that was ever named Aggression, and the torpid stupidity with which abuses and scandals of the most fatal nature are constantly viewed. Let us grant that the Papal Aggression was highly dangerous to the commonwealth; we are willing to grant it, because hundreds of sensible men so held, and so still hold it to have been. In that case, it was honourable in those men, it was their especial function, holding as they did the place of guardians of this nation's civil and religious liberties, to take their stand in vestries and civic halls, in churches and on public commons, to arouse their endangered countrymen against the ruin that threatened them. But will it not be conceded that the religion of the nation is also endangered when our English mothers are sunk so low in ignorance and vice that it is "not uncommon" to slaughter and bury children for five pounds? Are not its civil liberties sapped and the law contravened as surely by monopolies, and briberies, and all corruptions, and its morals debauched as surely by the gluttonous extravagances of its magistrates, as by the introduction of Popish titles? Is *that* of less importance than that the poor should be left so ignorant of their own interests, and the value of their children's daily bread, as to be deluded from them by the plausible tongues of disaffected and impossible men? If the answer to those questions be not clearly No! then calculation is lost, and Cocker fled from the land.

Then which of the patriots that raised the nation in arms and frightened Ministers from their propriety on the one question, stand quietly aloof in their glebes and mansions while these others are worming at the core of this Empire's prosperity? All! Not one of the whole host of them is there to light his lamp and go out to dispel the darkness. Crusaders armed in patriotic panoply against an army of shadows and of names, their patriotism melts away, and they are never seen upon the field where the great ogres and soldans, Ignorance, Vice, and Injustice, vanquish true Christianity and the right. Priests of all denominations were the men who accomplished the first crusade—it was their *interest*. Priests, aided by the press, are the men who should now accomplish that so exigently needed—it is their *duty*. For shame's sake, as priests or as men, though interest be first served, let not duty be quite forgotten.

So much for the political Talk of the Town. For the social, that is resolved in the great holiday of the year; for "Christmas is coming." Its ensigns, the green holly and mistletoe, are displayed in Covent Garden; and for it fruits bloom on all the stalls. Innocent beef, unsuspecting mutton, geese, turkeys, and poultry generally, at this present writing in the enjoyment of health and happy case, are marked and doomed. Already the large maw of old Christmas yearns to the feast, and the feast hangs suspended over the maw of old Christmas. There is good prospect of seasonable weather to grace the time—better still, the high prices of provisions have begun to give way; and, if our good wishes have anything to do with it, our readers, every one, shall enjoy a pleasant Christmas, and we hail them with "Happy new year."

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

REVERSES OF THE TURKS.

On Monday telegraphic despatches were received announcing that, on the 30th of November, six Russian ships of the line, under Admiral Machinoff, attacked a Turkish squadron at Sinope, and, notwithstanding the violent fire of the land-batteries in the roads, in an hour and a half completely destroyed seven Turkish frigates, one steam-frigate, two schooners, and three transport ships. All accounts since received confirm this news. It was known at Constantinople on the 3rd, when great excitement prevailed. A Grand Divan was held, at which all the foreign Ministers were present. The English and French Ambassadors were urged to despatch the combined fleets into the Black Sea; but they had an audience of the Sultan, at which it was resolved not to send the whole fleets at once, but four frigates, to obtain more precise information. There was, however, no doubt that the whole fleets would shortly enter the Black Sea. The carnage at Sinope is described as immense. It is stated by the Russian accounts that the destroyed squadron was engaged in conveying forces to attack Souchum Kaleh, and that it was pursued into the port of Sinope by the Russian fleet.

Advices from Bucharest (of the 10th instant) state that the Russian squadron which destroyed the Turkish vessels at Sinope consisted of four ships of 120 guns, and four of 86 guns, commanded by Admiral Nachimow. Admiral Corniloff arrived afterwards in the steamer Adrian. Three Turkish ships were sunk; the remainder were burnt, as it was impossible to secure the prizes. The Russian ships were greatly damaged, and required many repairs to enable them to reach Sebastopol. 400 Turkish guns were sunk. Entrenchments had been thrown up round Bucharest. A recommencement of hostilities was shortly expected on both banks of the Danube, especially between Krajova and Kalafat. The Vienna *Lloyd* publishes the following:—"Advices from Constantinople, of the 1st December, state that the Russian fortress of Safa, near Chekvetil, has been taken by the Turks; 400 Russians were killed, 200 escaped. On the 17th November 1200 Russians landed on the same coast, but Selim Pasha forced them to return to their ships. In this engagement the Russians lost 400 killed and one cannon. The Turks have advanced to Alexandrianople, in Georgia." Schamyl has taken Djeln and three other Russian fortresses, and has also defeated 15,000 Russians under General Orlianoff. It is reported that a *cordon* was to be formed along the line of the Dniester.

Private accounts from Constantinople announce that the two corps of Batoum and Anatolia were advancing on the Russian territory and were to unite at Teflis. The majority of the inhabitants of Georgia had declared in favour of the Turks. The Russian advanced guard having been attacked by 3000 Bashi-Bozouks who preceded the Turkish division, were completely routed, and the Turks continued their march to Frivan. Abdi Pasha entered the Russian territory in Georgia on the 10th of November, with the greater portion of his army. No accounts have been received at Constantinople of the army of Prince Gortschakoff. It was known, however, that the entire portion of Wallachia adjoining the Danube is covered with water, which renders it impossible for the Russians to make any movement. Kalafat, fortified and garrisoned by 30,000 men, was regarded as impregnable.

It was believed at Bucharest on the 10th that Persia had declared war against Turkey at the instigation of Russia, and that a combined Russian and Persian force would march on Erzeroum.

The latest advices state that the Russians defeated the Turks at Agur, in the Caucasus, and got possession of their baggage.

Two Russian steamers were cruising near Varna, to cut off the Turkish reinforcements.

A letter from Bucharest of the 7th says that Giurgevo is being fortified, and heavy artillery sent there. The Russians have fortified the little island opposite, connected by a bridge with the left bank.

A conflict has taken place between the Russian and Wallachian military. The *Siebenburgen Boten* reports that General Anrepp had been sent to Krajova, with orders to dislodge the Turks from Kalafat.

News has been received at St. Petersburg that Prince Orbelian encountered 30,000 Turks, who had passed the Arpatchai, near Alexandropol, and, after a sharp engagement, drove them back. They were retreating on the 14th of November.

It is also said that, in another direction, General Brummer charged 7000 Turks with the bayonet, and completely routed them, taking a cannon, two standards, and a part of the Turkish train and ammunition.

FRANCE.

The interest excited by the proceedings of the "fusionists," though great and universally extended, has, of course, been wholly superseded by the late events in the East. The news of the defeat of a division of the Turkish fleet by the Russians has created an immense sensation in Paris; but opinions are very much divided as to what effect it will ultimately have upon the question. According to some, it will be an inducement to both the belligerent parties to bring the war to an end; according to others, it is a disaster which, while it humiliates and exasperates the Turks, does not diminish their means of resisting the Russian forces.

Some imagine that the Emperor Nicholas will be more tractable in consequence of the glory he gains by this naval victory; but the probability is that this is an illusion. As respects Turkey, her ambassador in Paris has declared that, without prejudging the opinion of his Government, he feels convinced that the Sultan will not consent to suspend hostilities on any other condition than the previous evacuation of the principalities, and the withdrawal of the pretensions put forward by the Czar, in as far as they are incompatible with his sovereign rights. It is said that at the palace of the Tuileries the news of the defeat of the Turks has caused deep disappointment, and even that some of the Ministers have openly expressed their opinion that the French fleet should at once enter the Black Sea, and afford assistance to the Sultan. Nothing is, however, resolved upon. Louis Napoleon, as is his wont, is silent and impassive; and it is understood that no resolution will be come to until it be ascertained what effect this event has produced on the English Cabinet.

The hope of a successful issue for the labours of the Conference on the affairs of the East rather diminishes than increases; for it is asserted in diplomatic circles that the idea of a new mediation came from Austria, and that no pledge has been given by the Emperor of Austria that he will take part in active measures against Russia if the Czar should refuse to subscribe to the views of the Conference. This assertion is made positively by men likely to be well acquainted with the facts.

The political arrests have not entirely ceased; but they are now few.

SPAIN.

A telegraphic despatch from Madrid of the 10th inst. states that, by a royal decree, the sittings of the Cortes have been suspended, and that no day is named for their meeting again. Everything seems to portend a *coup d'état*. The Madrid journals of the 7th announce that Mgr. Bedini, Nuncio in Brazil, and charged with a mission to the United States, has been nominated Nuncio at Madrid, in the room of Cardinal Brunelli; that Mr. Soulé, the United States Minister, had completely recovered from the indisposition which had compelled him to keep his room; that the Prince de Joinville and his family had gone from Lisbon to Cadiz on board an English vessel.

NAPLES.

A letter from Naples, of the 4th of December, states that new difficulties have arisen between the Neapolitan Government and M. de Maupas, the French Minister. Under pretence of the appearance of the cholera at Paris, all persons coming from France are subjected to a vigorous quarantine, which has excited much discontent. M. de Maupas has threatened to return to Rome, and, it is said, hinted that, if the affair were not set right, he might find it necessary to request the French Government to send some ships of war to Naples.

AUSTRIA.

Ever since the collective note was despatched to Constantinople, the conferences of the ambassadors have been long and frequent. The export of arms and ammunition to Bosnia has been prohibited. The Christian population of Bosnia is in a state of great excitement. Riots have taken place at Galatz between the Wallachian militia and the Russian troops. A battalion of the Wallachians refused to obey the orders of a Russian general. The battalion in question and four companies of Wallachians were consigned to their barracks. Rutkowitza, late Adjutant of the Hospodar Stirbey, has been arrested and sent to Russia for having carried on a correspondence with Omar Pasha.

GERMANY.

The Government of Baden has informed the various German Governments of the quarrel between the Grand Duke's Cabinet and the Archbishop of Freiburg. That prelate still insists on suspending the priests who refuse implicit obedience to his orders; and the Government, in its turn, continues its coercive measures against the priests who obey the orders of the Archbishop.

AMERICA.

The steamer Arabia arrived at Liverpool on Sunday morning, with advices from New York to the 30th ult., and 665,796 dollars in specie.

The packet-ships arriving at New York from Liverpool reported a fearful mortality on board from cholera. The Rochambeau had eleven deaths; the Silas Greenman, twenty-eight; the New World, seventy-five; and the Moratmon, sixty-four.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing on the 29th ult., says, "The Message is nearly finished, and the exact position of the President as regards the Pacific Railroad is known: the Message will fully recognise the importance of the road, and express the opinion that it should be constructed; it will also take the ground that the Government should extend to it all the support which the constitution admits. The Hon. Hiram Walbridge has arrived in the city. His name has been favourably mentioned in connexion with the speakership. An effort will be made to nominate the Speaker and Clerk in caucus on Saturday."

The steamer Illinois had arrived at New York, with advices from California to the 1st ult., and 1,079,055 dollars in gold dust. The steamer Cortes sailed from San Francisco on the 1st with 1,690,608 dollars in gold dust, *en route* for New York. The news from California is not very important. The St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco had been destroyed by fire, and one life lost. Two steamers had exploded on the San Joaquim river, and about a dozen lives had been lost. The intelligence from the mining-districts was very favourable. New diggings had been discovered at various points near Fort Millar, on the San Joaquim river; rich placers had been found. At Hear's-hill and on the Klasmath rich diggings had also been discovered; and it is said that there is some excitement about the beach diggings above Crescent City. The most important item that we have to record is the final successful getting off of the filibustering expedition to the Mexican State of Sonora. The vessel which carried away the expeditionists was well provided, it was supposed, with all the necessary arms and ammunition to forward the designs of those who composed the party. Intelligence had also arrived at San Francisco that Mexican troops were on their march to Sonora, no doubt for the purpose of receiving the filibusteros in a proper manner.

The present season has been the healthiest known in California since the discovery of gold within her borders.

AUSTRALIA.

The Australian Steam Navigation Company's screwship Victoria, Champion commander, arrived at Falmouth on Saturday afternoon at four o'clock. She left Sydney, September 17; Melbourne, 23; Adelaide, 29; King George's Sound, October 9; and the Cape of Good Hope, November 7. She is eighty-four days from Sydney, seventy-eight from Melbourne, seventy-two from Adelaide, sixty-two from King George's Sound, and thirty-two days twenty hours from the Cape of Good Hope. She brings on frieght 184,000 ounces of gold, and has forty-four first and fifty-three second class passengers, who probably possess over 20,000 ounces, some of them having nuggets varying from thirty-four to sixty-five ounces each.

The intelligence from the colonies generally is of a most satisfactory character. At Sydney the rural and pastoral districts to the north were very prosperous, and high prices were given for stations. The city is free from robberies, and handsome buildings are rising in all directions. The Paramatta Railway is making slow progress, in consequence of a deficiency of labour.

The market price for gold at Melbourne is £3 17*s.*—rising. Wonderful discoveries are making at the new Ballarat diggings. Three men in six days are said to have raised 192 lbs. weight of gold. The licence-fee has been commuted from £1 10*s.* per month to £2 for the remainder of the year—90 to 110 days. The diggings are healthy, and the diggers are adopting a more scientific mode than formerly; they sink a shaft, from six to twelve feet diameter, to a depth of from 20 to 100 feet, and from the base work radiating tunnels, which are connected at the outer ends by a circular tunnel. All the produce is sent up the shaft.

Excepting one at Sydney, all the gold companies, especially the Peel River, are unsuccessful, in consequence of the heavy expenses. Through the increased efficiency of the police, the city of Melbourne is quiet. The projected railway to King William's Town, twenty miles, has not been begun, for want of labourers. About twenty or thirty merchant-ships, with their topmasts struck, are lying useless in the port. Seamen are scarce; wages, from £10 to £12 per month.

Some land sales at Melbourne had realised £156 per foot, or £13 per inch frontage; fine flour, £33; seconds, £32; cauliflowers, 18*s.* to 24*s.* per dozen; geese, 25*s.* to 30*s.* each; fowls per pair, 14*s.*; potatoes, 30*s.* per cwt.; butter, 4*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; hay, £35 per ton; fat cattle, 35*s.* per 100 lbs.; Burton ale, £6 6*s.* to £7; Martell's brandy, 13*s.* per gallon; champagne, 30*s.* to 35*s.* per dozen; brown Java sugar, £17 to £21 per ton; Congou tea, £6 to £7 per chest; Java coffee, 7½*d.* to 8*d.* per lb.; Barrat's negrohead, 2*s.* 3*d.* to 3*s.* per lb.; English cheese, 10*d.* to 1*s.* per lb.; Scotch iron, £14 to £16 per ton; sheet lead, £40 to £45; deal battens, 1*s.* 5*d.* per foot; English cordage, £50 to £60 per ton. Slop clothing not remunerative; superior sorts sell better.

LABOUR-MARKET.—Married couple (no children), £70 to £100 per annum; with family, £60 to £90; shepherds, £35 to £40; general useful servants, £70 to £75; gardeners, £70 to £80; men-cooks, £2 to £4 per week; carpenters, 20*s.* to 25*s.* per day; masons, 25*s.* to 30*s.*; blacksmiths, 20*s.* to 25*s.*; farm-labourers, 25*s.* to 35*s.* (with rations) per week; seamen, for London, £45 to £50; coasting, £9 to £10 per month.

Accounts from New Zealand are favourable. The drain of labourers from Van Dieman's Land is severely felt by the colonists.

INDIA AND CHINA.

The steamer Calcutta arrived at Trieste on Saturday morning, with the following intelligence, communicated by telegraph:—The India mail arrived at Alexandria on the 2nd of December, and has brought dates from Calcutta to the 6th of November; Madras, 10; Shanghai, October 5; Amoy, 12; Hongkong, 27; Singapore, Nov. 4; Penang, 6; Galle and Bombay, 14; Burmah, Oct. 23; Sydney, Sept. 20; Melbourne, 26; Adelaide, Oct. 1; King George's Sound, 7. Pegue is still in an unsettled condition, and many dacoities have occurred. General Godwin died at Simla on the 26th of October. Major H. Edwardes is appointed Commissioner for Peshawur. Trade has improved. Cholera has appeared in Bombay. At Shanghai and Amoy they are still fighting. At Foochowfoo there is great disaffection. Canton is quiet, but great apprehension prevails. Trade in China is good.

LAW AND POLICE NEWS.

COURT OF APPEAL, Dec. 10.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

A petition was heard before the Lords Justices of Appeal, to obtain an order from the Court directing some person to execute conveyances of the allotments of the O'Connorville Estate, at Rickmansworth, to the allottees of the same, in place of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, who had been found a lunatic. It was asked that the official manager appointed to wind up the affairs of the National Land Company might be appointed to execute the deeds, because he was a person who in his official capacity must do so; and, if he also executed on behalf of the lunatic, the saving to the allottees, who are persons in humble circumstances of life, would be most essential, as, if any other person were directed to do so, every deed must be perused on his behalf, and the execution by him of every deed must be separately attested, and with the expense of a consequential attendance. The petition was headed not only "In Lunacy," but "In Chancery," under the Trustee Act, 1850, and also in the matters of the National Land Company's Dissolution Act, and the Joint Stock Company's Winding-up Acts, 1848 and 1849.

Mr. Roxburgh supported the petition. Mr. W. Forster appeared for the committee of the lunatic.

Lord Justice Turner made out the following order:—"That the official manager do execute the conveyances, under the 9th section of the Act to dissolve the National Land Company, to the allottees, in the name and on the behalf of Feargus O'Connor, to be settled by the Master, the money to be paid and payable by the allottees to be subject to the same lien, if any, of Feargus O'Connor as the estate would have been."

The costs of all parties to the petition, and of the petition to Vice-Chancellor Wood, were directed to be paid out of the estate of the National Land Company.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER.

Parsons v. Edwards.—This was an action of assault and battery, to which the defendant pleaded a justification in defence of his property, whereupon the plaintiff replied "excess." The plaintiff is an elderly, and the defendant a young man; and it appeared that some dispute having arisen between them one day in April last, in the City-road, as to the ownership of certain scaffolding, a scuffle ensued, which resulted in a regular fight, comprised in five rounds. In the last of these the defendant said he "would do for the —," and, rushing at the old man with his head down, "*a la* Cannon," threw him headlong, and fell on his knees upon his body. The plaintiff was taken home and placed under the care of a surgeon, who found him almost dying, with three ribs broken, and constant sickness at the stomach, the lower portion of which was greatly swollen. At the close of the plaintiff's case, the Chief Baron suggested the propriety of the parties settling the cause rather than going to the jury, and, after some debate, Mr James announced that his client had assented to a verdict for 50*l.* The Chief Baron said that was just the sum he had in his mind, and he had interposed because he thought the arrangement, if come to, would proceed upon a knowledge of the condition of the parties, with which the jury would not be informed. They very probably might have given more; for though the plaintiff might have entered into the fight, yet that would not justify his opponent in attacking him in an unmanly manner. The jury, having intimated that if the case had gone on, they would have given twice that sum, returned a verdict for the plaintiff for 50*l.*

NEW COURT, Dec. 12.

Charles Young, forty-two, shoemaker, was indicted before the Common Serjeant for stealing moneys valued at 4*l.*, the property of William Baynes Netherwood. Mr. Sleigh prosecuted. The prosecutor, a retired captain, said that at the time of this occurrence, about eighteen months ago, he lived at Hazeldon-green, where he had stolen from him two valuable dogs. Shortly after they were missed, the prisoner came to him and offered to get them back for him, asking him 4*l.*, saying that he should have to give the man who had got them 3*l.*, and he must have 1*l.* for himself. The captain made an appointment with the prisoner, who, with another man, was to meet prosecutor at a house near Smithfield. The prosecutor went to the place of appointment, taking with him a police-officer in plain clothes. The prisoner and another man came, but did not bring the dogs, alleging that they must have the money first. To this the captain assented, and gave it to the prisoner, leaving the officer to follow them. This he did for a short distance, when the prisoner and his companion managed to give the constable the slip, and nothing more was seen of them until about a fortnight back, when the constable by mere accident met the prisoner. The jury found him Guilty. Twelve months' imprisonment and hard labour.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, Dec. 12.

The Central Criminal Court was opened on Monday morning to dispose of the business for the December sessions. The Commissioners present at the commencement of the proceedings were the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Right Hon. the Recorder, Aldermen Finnis, Salomons, Sir R. W. Carden, &c. It appears by the first edition of the calendar that there are only forty-two prisoners for trial at the present session.

The Recorder, in his address to the Grand Jury, congratulated them upon the fact that the present calendar was the lightest he ever remembered since he had had the honour of presiding in that Court. It was satisfactory to see that, with one or two exceptions, the calendar did not contain any charge of a grave character, and there was a remarkable absence of charges of burglary, an offence which, at this season of the year, when the nights were long and dark, was generally very prevalent.

The Grand Jury having retired, the Court proceeded to dispose of the business of the session.

William Morton, a person of gentlemanly appearance, was indicted, with another person named *Frederick Rosenthat Cruchley*, for a conspiracy to obtain money by false pretences.

The defendant Cruchley did not surrender to take his trial, and his recognisances were consequently estreated.

During the opening speech of Mr. Ballantine, it was stated that Cruchley, who was brought by *habeas* from the Queen's Prison, was in Court in the custody of a tipstaff, and ready to take his trial. Mr. Ballantine, however, said he should not allow Cruchley to be placed at present upon his trial, but should proceed against the other defendant, Morton, only. The learned counsel then proceeded to state the facts of the case, which appeared to be of rather an extraordinary character:—The prosecutrix was the widow of the Rev. Arthur Onslow, and a person of very good connexions, and possessed of considerable wealth. Early in the year 1852 Cruchley was introduced to the prosecutrix by a person of her acquaintance, named Stanbrough, and shortly afterwards she advanced 18*l.* to these persons, taking a bill for 20*l.* as security. A short time afterwards Cruchley produced a bill for 300*l.*, which the prosecutrix also discounted; and before this bill arrived at maturity Cruchley told her he had another bill which was drawn by a person named Rawson upon a Mr. William Clarke Wright for 1000*l.*, and he asked the prosecutrix to discount it. She observed that she should not like to advance it, unless she was satisfied that Wright was in a condition to pay the amount. Cruchley, upon this, said that Wright was a man of large fortune, and that he could introduce her to a gentleman who was a friend and neighbour of Wright, who would satisfy her as to the respectability and wealth of that person. The prosecutrix was accordingly introduced to the defendant Morton at an hotel at the west-end of the town, and she found him seated at a table on which there were a number of papers, giving him the appearance of a professional man. He distinctly stated that he was well acquainted with Wright, and that he really was a man of fortune, and resided at Whitley Court, Northumberland. In consequence of these representations, the prosecutrix consented to discount the bill, and she gave up the bill for 300*l.*, and 500*l.* or 600*l.* in cash, receiving the 1000*l.* bill referred to. During the proceedings, the prosecutrix desired to see Mr. Wright, but she was told that he was a very particular gentleman, and that he had great objection to have any business-matters with a lady. This transaction took place in May: in June, Cruchley produced another bill for 2000*l.*, drawn apparently by the same person, Wright, upon a Col. Bulkeley, for 2000*l.* After a short demur she consented to discount, and gave up the former bill for 1000*l.*, and cash making up the balance. In August Cruchley again communicated with her upon the subject of the bill for 2000*l.*, and suggested that it would be better for her to have instead a bond from Wright, securing the amount upon his landed property. The prosecutrix consented, and a deed was executed, securing to her the sum of 2,600*l.*, and upon this bond she advanced a further sum of 400*l.*, Cruchley undertaking to provide the remainder. Shortly after, the prosecutrix was anxious to have some of her money repaid; but Cruchley put her off, and at length said he had got Wright to execute another bond for 2,700*l.*, the additional 100*l.* being given as a bonus on account of the interest not having been paid regularly, and on condition that she consented to wait for her money until 1855. This second bond was accordingly drawn up, and very soon afterwards it was discovered that Wright was a mere adventurer, a bankrupt, and confined in Whitecross-street Prison, and that the prosecutrix had been the victim of a gross conspiracy.

The prosecutrix, a stout, elderly person, apparently between fifty and sixty, gave her evidence in confirmation of the statement of the learned counsel. She said that she believed Cruchley to be a very respectable young man, and she placed the utmost confidence in him. She also said that, with regard to the 1000*l.* and the 2000*l.* bills, she certainly should not have advanced so large a sum of money if she had not believed the representation of the defendant Morton that Wright was a man of wealth and station, and it was upon this alone that she was induced to part with her money. Her object in listening to the applications of Cruchley to discount the bills was to make the most she could of her money, and she admitted that a very considerable amount was kept back for discount. It appeared, however, that the final result of her operations with Cruchley was, that she was a loser of between 5000*l.* and 6000*l.*

Wright, the person alleged to have accepted the bills, and who was bound over as a witness, was then called; but he did not appear, and his recognisances were ordered to be estreated.

A number of letters that had passed between this person and the defendant were produced; and they showed that Wright was a person in most indigent circumstances, and that the defendants Cruchley and Wright were in league together for the purpose of concocting fraudulent bills of exchange.

Mr. Ribton made a very ingenious and able speech for the defendant, and contended that the prosecutrix had exhibited a gross want of caution, and that the money was obtained from her by her confidence in Cruchley rather than by any representations made by the defendant.

The Recorder then summed up, and the jury almost immediately returned a verdict of Guilty.

Cruchley was then ordered into custody, and Mr. Ballantine applied to have the trial postponed to the next session.

Mr. Parry, for the defendant, opposed the application, unless he was allowed to give bail.

The Recorder expressed a doubt whether, under the particular circumstances, he had the power to admit the defendant to bail.

After some further discussion, it was arranged that the application should stand over, and, in the meantime, judgment upon the defendant Morton was respited.

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS, Dec. 12.

The general sessions of the peace for December were commenced to-day at Clerkenwell. There were fifty-two prisoners for trial, of whom all but two were committed, charged with felonies.

Charles Williams, who was convicted at the last sessions here for picking a lady's pocket at the Eastern Counties Railway terminus at Shoreditch, was brought up for judgment. It was now shown that he had been convicted in 1852 for stealing a purse, and had been repeatedly in prison.

The Assistant-Judge (Mr. Serjeant Adams) remarked that offences of this class had become so frequent at railway-stations that the Court in all cases would award a severe punishment. The sentence of the Court was, that he should be kept in penal servitude for four years; and he wished it to be known that in future the Court would give six years.

William Mason, aged twelve, pleaded "Guilty" to having stolen 196 parts of printed books, value 2*l.*, the property of John Tallis, his master.

The prosecutor in this case was a publisher carrying on business at 100, St. John-street, St. Sepulchre's, and the prisoner was errand-boy in his service. It would appear that he took the parts of books named in the indictment from Mr. Tallis's shop, and offered them for sale as waste paper to some tradesmen in the neighbourhood; and one of them, entertaining suspicion of the way in which the prisoner had come by them, gave information to Mr. Tallis, in consequence of which the boy was given into custody.

Sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

Andrew M'Lean, aged forty-eight, was arraigned in the Second Court before Mr. Witham, and pleaded "Guilty" to having stolen a pair of sugar-tongs, the property of Sarah Ann Brown. It was shown by Horsford, the officer of the Mendicity Society, that he was a well-known begging-letter impostor.

Sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

NORTHERN CIRCUIT.—York, Dec. 12.

Mr. Justice Coleridge took his seat on the bench in the Crown Court at the Castle soon after twelve o'clock, and charged the Grand Jury. The calendar contains an entry of ninety-six persons charged with various offences, of whom eighteen are out on bail. Of these one is charged with murder, one with attempt to murder, ten with manslaughter, ten with cutting and wounding, three with forgery, four with arson, six with burglary, five with rape, twenty-two with assault and robbery, three with cattle-stealing, one with concealment of birth, three with perjury, two with night-poaching, one with bigamy, four with coining; the rest with minor offences.

Ellen Thompson, *John Byron*, and *David Royston* were charged with having committed a garotte robbery at Doncaster on Edward Palmer, stealing from his person a silver watch. The prosecutor, it appeared, is reporter for the *Doncaster Gazette*, and on the night of the 7th of August last he had occasion to go to the railway-station at Doncaster. On his way he passed the prisoners, who appeared to be of one party. Afterwards, at the railway-station, he was accosted by the female prisoner, who asked him what time it was. He pulled out his watch, but it was too dark to distinguish the hands. The woman immediately uttered a significant cough, when the prisoner Byron rushed upon him, seized him by his neckerchief and gave it a twist. He was then very roughly used, and held by the neck 'till a "very queer sensation" came over him, and he should have become insensible if Byron had not let go his hold. The prisoners ran away. He attempted to follow, but felt too exhausted, and therefore went directly to the police-office, and gave information. When he recovered, he found that his watch was gone. The officer recollected having seen two men and a woman together, answering the description given by the prosecutor, and proceeded to a common lodging-house kept by a person named Wragg, where he took all the three prisoners into custody. His lordship having summed up, the jury found all the prisoners Guilty. Sentence deferred.

WINTER ASSIZES.—Liverpool, Dec. 10.

ALLEGED MURDER.

Thomas Moore, aged twenty-seven, a factory-worker, was charged with having at Reddish, near Stockport, on the 2nd of September last, wilfully murdered James Higham and John Higham, his two infant step-sons. The prisoner had for some time previous to the alleged murder been out of employment. He had married, two years previously, Esther Higham, a widow, who had two children, the subjects of the charge against him, the elder of whom was eight years of age, the younger only four and a half years. The prisoner had been from home for a considerable period, deserting his wife and children, but returned a month previous to the day of the murder. On the morning of 2nd September, the mother having gone to her work, the two children went out to play at about nine o'clock. The prisoner went out early on the same morning, for the purpose of buying something for dinner, with money which his wife had given him, and returned a little before ten o'clock, when he asked Taylor, his father-in-law, where the umbrella was, and, having got it, he went out, saying that he was going into Hempshaw-lane. He, however, went in an opposite direction, for shortly after he was seen by a woman named Thornton, and about the same time by another woman named Walsh, with two children, going in the direction of Great Portwood-street to a bridge over the canal, a little beyond the place where the bodies of the two children were afterwards found. He was next seen by a man named Towers, who watched him and the two children turn down Chimney Hall-street, which leads to the canal; and after he had proceeded a little way down the street he stopped, retraced his steps for a few paces, and then turned to the right, towards Manchester. Towers watched them for some time, and when he last saw them they were going towards the Ash Inn, close to which are some lodge-gates leading to the house of a Mr. Newton, and passing by which is a footpath leading to the canal-bridge, near where the bodies were found. This was the last time that the children were seen alive. The prisoner was next seen by a man named Derbyshire, walking alone in the direction of King-street West, at about noon. He next called at the house of a Mrs. Walton, with whom he had formerly lived. He asked her to allow him to dry his clothes, which were soaked with water, (occasioned, as he said, by his having been asked by a woman to raise a can of water for her out of the canal; in doing which his foot slipped, and he fell into the canal. She allowed him to dry himself; and, being unwell, she went to lie down, and when she got up the prisoner was still drying his clothes. He remained with her until five o'clock, and left, arriving at his own home about twenty minutes past six. Upon reaching home, his wife asked him where the children were, and he said that he had given the eldest the umbrella, and had sent him back to tell the grandfather where his dinner was to be sent to, and that he had left them at the corner by Dr. Walton's house. On hearing that, the wife became excited, cried out, "Oh, my lads, my lads, they are lost," and was then attacked with fits which lasted all night. Search was then made for the children, and no one in the house went to bed all that night. At about nine o'clock in the evening the prisoner went down to the police-station, and gave information to the superintendent of the loss of the children, who asked him why he had not given earlier information, and he said that he had been at work all the day. On the Monday following, the bodies of the two children were found in the canal, near Reddish, by a boatman named Fletcher; and on the water of the canal being let off, the umbrella which the prisoner had had in his possession was found stuck in the mud. The two children were entered in two burial societies at Stockport, twice in one of the societies, and the sum of £19 was paid by those societies upon the children's deaths being proved, which money the grandfather had received, and the prisoner had several times said that he would not maintain another man's children. Mr. Wheeler addressed the jury for the prisoner, and contended that there was no direct evidence against him. His lordship summed up, stating that in his opinion there was an absence of motive, and no direct evidence to bring home the charge to the prisoner. His lordship went carefully through the evidence; and the jury, having retired a short time, returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

The Assizes were concluded at an early hour this morning.

York, Dec. 13.

John Hackett was indicted at the Crown Court for stabbing, cutting, and wounding James Cowley. This case arose out of a quarrel, occasioned by the interference of the prisoner in a slight chastisement inflicted by the prosecutor on his own child. In the course of this quarrel, prosecutor received a blow with a sharp instrument at the back of the neck, followed by another on the left side, which hurt him, and a third blow on the ear and face. He saw his ear spurt out blood, and found that his ear was cut open and his face wounded. He immediately cried out, "Oh, I am stabbed," and seized hold of the prisoner, threw him down, and fell upon him. Prosecutor's wife came up and pulled him up, and the prosecutor then kicked the prisoner on the face, and was led away by his wife, bleeding very profusely from the ear and face, to Mr. Shaw's surgery, at Attercliffe. When the prosecutor got to Mr. Shaw's surgery, he was fainting from loss of blood. He was examined, and three incised wounds were found upon him—one under the sixth rib, one at the back of the neck, and one through the ear and across the face. The prisoner next day was taken into custody on the charge of stabbing the prosecutor, which he denied. His clothes were searched for, and a flannel jacket which he had worn the day before was found to have been washed, and was wet, but there were still marks of blood upon it.

The jury found the prisoner Guilty of unlawful wounding; and he was sentenced to be imprisoned, with hard labour, for twelve calendar months.

Edward Deane Hunniball was indicted for bigamy at Hull, on the 3rd of June last, in marrying Mary Crockles; his former wife, Ellen Cuffey, being alive.

Mr. Perronet Thompson prosecuted, and Mr. Digby Seymour defended the prisoner.

The prisoner, it appeared, was a coach-builder at Ipswich, and for some time had practised as a quack doctor at Southampton. While at Ipswich, he became acquainted with Miss Cuffey, of Manchester, to whom, without the knowledge of her friends, he was married. After the marriage, Miss Cuffey's family refused to notice the prisoner, finding that he had made false representations of his position. The prisoner then left his wife and went to Bristol, where he obtained work, and in March last wrote to say he was going to America. Meantime he was paying his addresses to Miss Crockles, of Hull, who attended a Dissenting chapel opposite which he lodged, and who was reputed to be a young lady with plenty of "brass." To her he wrote proposals of marriage, interlarded with Scripture quotations. Miss Crockles, unable to resist such a style of courtship, met the prisoner, and eventually her affections were won, and she was married to the prisoner at Sculcoates Church, Hull. Shortly after, Miss Cockles' trustees received information which induced them to institute inquiries, which led to the discovery that the prisoner had been previously married. When taken before the magistrates at Hull, he produced letters showing his first wife to be dead. After proof of a number of false statements connected with his two marriages, which were also fully proved, the learned counsel for the prisoner said he could not resist the case for the prosecution; and the prisoner was found Guilty.—Sentence, four years' penal servitude.

Joseph Moore, aged twenty-one, was charged at the Civil Court with having, at Halifax, in April last, administered a noxious drug, called savin, to Mary Fielding, with intent to procure abortion. Mr. Overend, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Riley appeared for the prosecutrix; and Mr. Pickering for the defence. It appeared that the prosecutrix and the prisoner were employed at Mr. Crossley's mill, at Halifax, and in January last a tea-party was given to the workpeople, at which an intimacy sprang up between them. The prisoner made proposals of marriage to the prosecutrix, which were well received, and he walked about with her and visited her till the 14th of January last, when an improper intimacy took place between them. This continued for some time, till the spring, when the prosecutrix discovered that she was pregnant, and made this known to the prisoner. The prosecutrix, at the prisoner's request, went to a woman named Simpson, and from her obtained a bottle containing oil of savin; she also, at prisoner's request, visited a Dr. Wilhelm, at Halifax, who went by the name of the "Baron von Prediger," and from him received some medicine. The prosecutrix submitted to take these medicines because the prisoner told her that no harm would happen to her. At first she refused and said she would take nothing, but eventually she was persuaded to take two bottles of medicine. She also went to see Dr. Wilhelm, when she took something, which made her only very ill. The prosecutrix was delivered of twins in August, one of which was born dead, and the other, a sickly child, died six months after. On the part of the prisoner, it was contended that the prosecutrix had taken the present proceedings against the prisoner because he had forsaken her and married one Mary Dewhurst, immediately after which event the present proceedings were brought against him, and that they originated in the jealousy and feeling of revenge of the prosecutrix. To this it was replied that, as soon as the charge was made, the prisoner had left his young wife and absconded to America till he thought the affair had blown over. The jury found the prisoner Guilty.—Sentence deferred.

John Broadbent was indicted for a garotte robbery at Hull, on the 28th of September last, and stealing from William Nicholson 7*s.* in money. It appeared that the prisoner suddenly seized prosecutor by the throat, and held him until he was nearly insensible, while a companion thief rifled his pockets of 7*s.* or 8*s.* As soon as the prisoner let go his hold, he fell down "like a shot," and could not remember anything for some time. A policeman named Moorhouse, going his rounds, found the prosecutor at the bottom of a passage leaning against the wall, nearly insensible, spitting blood, and making a gurgling noise in his throat, and it was twenty minutes before he could make him understand anything, when the prosecutor told him that he had been robbed by two young men dressed in white smocks. The prisoner was afterwards taken into custody at a tavern in the neighbourhood, and identified by the prosecutor as the man who had robbed him. The jury found the prisoner Guilty.—Sentence, five years' penal servitude.

BURGLARY.

George Parker, *John Saunders*, and *Charles Marshall* were placed at the bar before Sir R. W. Carden, at Guildhall, charged with having committed a burglary on the premises of Mr. Matthews, a silversmith of Leighton Buzzard, and with having stolen thence a great quantity of property, consisting of plate, watches, and jewellery, to the value of nearly 1000*l.* James Brett, a detective officer of the City force, deposed that, on Saturday night last, about half-past 11 o'clock, while in company with Huggett and Sergeant Richards, he apprehended the prisoner Marshall. Brett then went with his brother officers to No. 20, Tiverton-street, Newington-causeway, and, having opened the door with a string, entered and found Parker in bed. He was taken to the station; and then they went to 36, Little Surrey-street, in the Borough-road, where they found Saunders also in bed. Brett took charge of the prisoner, while the other officers searched his house, and ultimately conveyed him to the station. Sergeant Richards, of the M division of the metropolitan police, deposed that he had searched the premises of Saunders, and found in a drawer in the back kitchen a parcel, tied up in leather, containing from forty to fifty skeleton latch and door keys of every size and shape, to fit almost any street-door lock in existence. He also found a small crowbar, called a "Jemmy," and an old file. They were arranged in a canvas-bag, so as to keep the different sizes and patterns separate and in order. They were shown to Saunders, who said, "It's no use denying it; they are mine." The skeleton keys were produced by this witness, who stated that they were the most complete set of housebreakers' implements, he believed, that had ever fallen into the hands of the police. Joseph Huggett, of the City force, had searched the house in Little Surrey-street, and found instruments of a similar character. Mr. Matthews said that he was a silversmith at Leighton Buzzard; and that, between the hours of twelve and three A.M., of the 25th ult., his house was broken into and robbed. The value of the property stolen was about 800*l.* An entry had been effected by cutting out a pane of glass from the windows over the shop. The burglars then got in at the window, and, passing his room and that of the apprentice, went down stairs to the front shop, and made a clean sweep of the whole stock, leaving nothing but a wedding-ring and a gold brooch. They made their exit by the shop-door, which they opened from the inside, and they took down the shutters of the shop before they left. Thomas Harvey, a cab-driver, deposed that he was taken off the stand at Maida-hill on Saturday, November 26th, about ten o'clock in the morning, by the three prisoners at the bar. They had a bundle and a small rush-basket with them when they got into the cab. He drove them to the Three Stags, Kensington-road, and waited there and had a glass of ale with one whilst the others went home to get the money. They returned in a few minutes, and paid him 3*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Fish, a pawnbroker, at 14, St. Alban's-place, Edgeware-road, produced a gold Albert chain, pledged on the morning of the 26th of November, for 1*l.*—by Saunders, he believed. It was pledged between eleven and twelve o'clock. The cab-stand at Maida-hill is about six minutes' walk from Mr. Fish's house, and a person might walk there and back easily in a quarter of an hour. Mr. Matthews swore to the chain produced. Mr. Waller, for the prosecution, here applied for a remand, as the greater number of witnesses resided at Leighton Buzzard, whose evidence would be quite conclusive. The prisoners were then remanded.

On Tuesday, *Lewis Myers* was placed at the bar before Sir R. W. Carden for further examination. Evidence of a character similar to that already adduced was given, and Sir R. W. Carden remanded the prisoner, to be brought up with the three men who stand charged with committing the burglary at Leighton Buzzard.

WAR WITH CHINA.

Johanna Doyle, an elderly Irishwoman, and *Ellen Welsh*, a young girl, were charged, at Southwark, with committing a murderous assault on John Dargan, by beating him with a poker, and otherwise ill-using him. The complainant stated that he resided with his wife in the same house with Doyle, at 3, Grange-walk, Bermondsey. Late on Saturday night, hearing a noise, he went into the passage, and found the prisoners and several others quarrelling. Some one at the same time threw a stone jug at his head, and cut him severely, the jug being smashed to pieces. He believed Doyle did the mischief, as she was abusing him and threatening his life; and that the latter prisoner immediately after struck him on the head with a poker, which rendered him almost insensible. He distinctly saw Mrs. Doyle with the poker in her hand. Witness had had a drop of beer, but he was quite sober. Elizabeth Kirk, a female living at the same place, said that on Saturday night she heard Mrs. Doyle and Mrs. Dargan quarrelling and fighting together for some time. Dargan came out to see what was the matter, when the prisoner Doyle struck him on the head with a poker. The complainant had been drinking, but knew what he was about, and was quite civil. Sergeant Prior said his attention was called into Grange-place, a very low locality, on Sunday morning. He found Dargan bleeding profusely, and a quantity of broken crockeryware strewed about. The wounds were not dangerous. There was no evidence to implicate Ellen Welsh; she was therefore discharged. Doyle, in answer to the charge, denied using the poker. The fact, as she explained it, was, that complainant had the poker, and must have struck himself. Mr. A'Beckett said it was a miracle murder was not committed. The complainant was not only beaten with a poker, but a stone

pitcher was broken on his head. He was half-inclined to commit her for trial for cutting and wounding; but instead of taking that course in the present case, he should fine her 5*l.*, and, in default of payment, commit her to the House of Correction for two months.

A DETECTIVE DETECTED.

James Mullins, formerly an active detective officer belonging to the K division of police, for which service he enjoys a pension of £32 per annum, and latterly an officer in the employment of the South Eastern Railway Company, was placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott, at Lambeth, on Saturday, charged with plundering the Company. Sergeant Carpenter, of the K division of police, deposed that, in consequence of repeated and extensive robberies of valuable parcels from the Bricklayers' Arms Station, he had been employed by the Company for the last two months in endeavouring to find out the thief. From information which had reached him, he was induced to search the house of the prisoner, who was one of the officers at the station, and there found dresses made from, and considerable portions of, the missing property. The prisoner, after some hesitation, said he had purchased the property in Petticoat-lane, but could not say from whom. Among the property was a case of mathematical instruments, and these he said he had purchased for his son. On searching the house of the prisoner, he found several duplicates for property pledged, answering the description of some of that missing, and in the house of the prisoner's daughter he also found a dress made from the stolen property. In conclusion, Sergeant Carpenter said it would be necessary to bring witnesses from Norwich and elsewhere to identify the stolen goods, and requested his worship to give a long remand. The prisoner being asked if he wished to say anything in reply to the charge, said that, as his worship had made up his mind to remand him, he should reserve his defence to a future day. The prisoner was remanded to afford time to prosecute the search still further.

BIGAMY AND BEATING.

John Girling, a well-dressed, sanctified-looking man, was brought up Clerkenwell for final examination, charged with bigamy. The prisoner was apprehended by Sergeant Smith, the detective officer of the E division, in consequence of ill-usage to a female to whom he was married at St. Pancras Church on the 31st July last. She was a widow, named Hannah Bye, supported by her own industry. They had been united in wedlock only three weeks when he commenced a system of brutality towards her, beating her and turning her out of doors, telling her that she was not his wife, and had no claim on him. Subsequently, it had been ascertained that he was married twenty years ago to a person of the name of Emberson, then and now living at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire. Necessary proofs of the first and second marriages were given, and the prisoner was committed to Newgate for trial, his solicitor, Mr. Wakeling, reserving his defence.

DISTURBANCE IN A THEATRE.

Mr. William Carpenter, described as a gentleman, of Park-villas, Stratford-green, and *Mr. Frederick Goode*, of Arundel-house, Percy-grove, Fulham, were charged at Bow-street with creating a disturbance at the Olympic Theatre, and assaulting the officials. It appeared that Mr. Carpenter entered the theatre at about ten o'clock, and on recognising his friend Mr. Goode, in another box, saluted him, and left his own seat to join company with the latter. The defendants entered into conversation in an audible voice, much to the annoyance of those who were sitting on the same side of the house. They were repeatedly requested to speak in an undertone, but Mr. Carpenter manifested such contemptuous indifference to all solicitations that a general cry of "Turn him out!" arose. The annoyance was described by one of the box-keepers, and by Mr. Tilbury, the comedian, who happened to be one of the audience, and who stated that, like all theatrical rows, it grew larger by degrees—the culminating point as usual being attained when Mr. Carpenter displayed the natural repugnance of an Englishman to be "turned out;" at which time, such was the confusion in the house that he did not hear a syllable of the trio from "Don Pasquale," although he *saw* it sung upon the stage. It was further proved that, after the first defendant had been ejected from the house, Mr. Goode went into the lobby, demanded the re-admission of his friend or his money, collared the officer, and behaved with such violence that the coat of the sub-treasurer, Mr. Mitchens, was torn to pieces. The defendants commplained of undue interference, in the first place, and undue violence afterwards. They had not seen each other for some time, and, consequently, the meeting in the theatre was unusually cordial. Carpenter called two constables, F 4 and 34, to prove that he was sober; but they agreed in stating that he was drunk. Mr. Jardine said the defendants had conducted themselves very disgracefully throughout, and inflicted the full penalty of 5*l.* each or six weeks' imprisonment. The fines were paid.

A PRACTISED WIFE-BEATER.

Henry Bennett, a carpenter, who has been repeatedly fined for ill-treating his wife, was brought before Mr. Henry at Bow-street for assaulting her in a ferocious manner in Drury-lane. The complainant, whose face was sadly disfigured, stated that she had not lived with the prisoner since her last complaint against him, but had contrived to earn a living for herself and her two little children without his assistance. On Wednesday morning she met him accidentally in Drury-lane, and, having her face tied up at the time, he asked her what was the matter. She said that she had the face-ache, and passed on to avoid him, not wishing to have anything further to say to him. He followed her up, however, saying, with a coarse expression, "I'll make your —— cheeks ache a little more," and struck her a blow in the face which knocked her down. He then raised her head from the ground, and struck her a succession of blows on both sides of the head with his clenched fist. She managed to crawl into a shop, and was there protected from the prisoner's further violence. The wife's statement was fully corroborated by a shopkeeper, Mr. Billington, of Wilson-street, Drury-lane, who saw the prisoner "punching" her head, while on the ground, with a degree of brutality almost incredible. The prisoner said it was all her own fault. Mr. Henry said this was the seventh time within a short space of time that the prisoner had been charged with assaulting his wife; and even now that she had separated herself from him, she was not safe from his inhuman treatment. He committed the prisoner to six months' hard labour, and, at the expiration of that term, directed that he should find two sureties to keep the peace for a further period of six months, or be committed in default. The prisoner, on leaving the dock, directed a savage leer towards his wife, and swore that he would settle the matter yet, by "murdering her outright" as soon as he got out of prison.

CRUELTY IN THE DARK.

Stephen Stevens, a carman in the employ of Mr. Minter, of Oakley-street, Lambeth, appeared before Mr. Hardwick at Marlborough-street, in answer to a summons at the instance of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for driving a horse in an unfit condition. David Watson, one of the Society's officers, stated that about half-past three on the afternoon of the 29th November he was in Regent-street, when he saw a horse and van standing there. Defendant was in the van; and witness, perceiving the horse very uneasy and as if in great pain, asked the defendant if there was anything the matter with the horse. Defendant replied in the negative; and on witness examining the horse, he found a large wound on the near side of the back, under the saddle, which was pressing upon it. He then asked defendant if he was aware of the bad condition of the horse. Defendant replied that, although he had harnessed the horse himself, he did not know it was so bad, and promised witness he would take it home at once. Instead of doing so, he drove off in a contrary direction. In reply to the charge, defendant said the stable was so dark that he could not see whether the horse's back was sore or not. Mr. Hardwick said that was a very lame defence, and fined defendant 10*s.* and costs.

A SURGEON AND A GENTLEMAN.

On Monday, *Mr. John George Brown*, a surgeon in practice at Clapham, appeared before Mr. Elliott, at Lambeth, to answer to a summons, charging him with assaulting and dislocating the arm of a young woman named Edith Diggles. The complainant stated that, on the evening of Wednesday week, she was at the house of her father and mother in Gaywood-street, London-road. The house is notorious. The defendant came there with two young women, giving her mother a shilling. A few minutes after, the women came down, and were followed soon after by the defendant. At this time a young woman named Mathews was sitting at the fire, and the defendant solicited her to go upstairs with him, and she complied, but very soon returned. The defendant also came down stairs and seated himself at the kitchen-fire, but was requested to leave by her father and mother. He refused to do so; upon which, she (witness) and her mother endeavoured to put him out of the place, and while doing so he struck her and knocked her down. In her fall her arm came against a scraper, and was dislocated. The defendant then ran away, but was stopped by a policeman and taken to the station. The inspector on duty, however, refused to lock him up, telling her that, as she had got his name and address, she might summons him. The mother corroborated the statement of her daughter, and said the defendant had also assaulted her. Sarah Mathews, a most repulsive-looking young woman, deposed that, in the evening in question, she was in the house of the last witness, and, at the solicitation of the defendant, accompanied him upstairs. He then made her an offer of fourpence, but she refused. The defendant returned down stairs and sat at the fire, and she subsequently saw him assault the complainant and her mother. The defendant, in reply to the charge, declared that it had been got up for the purpose of extorting money from him. The fact was, that on the evening in question, while passing along the London-road, he was accosted by two girls of tender age—he might say children—who told him a tale of misery of the most distressing kind. Suspecting the truth of their story, he requested to see their home, and they took him to the house in Gaywood-street, and said they occupied a room upstairs. He followed them upstairs, and was much surprised, on entering one of the rooms, at being invited to remain. He at once refused, and returned down stairs, when a demand was made for money to get drink. He gave a shilling; but this, it appeared, was not enough, and a general attack was made on him. His clothes were nearly torn from his back, his pockets turned inside out, and it was with the greatest possible difficulty he got out of the house clear of the party. Besides, the complainant had been to his house twice since the occurrence, threatening to expose him unless he settled the doctor's bill and gave her compensation; but he refused to compromise. The complainant was recalled, and admitted that she had been to the defendant's house, for all she wanted was to have her doctor's bill paid and some little compensation for the injuries she had sustained. Mr. Christmas, a surgeon in the London-road, said that, in the evening before mentioned, the complainant came to his shop with her shoulder dislocated. He set it, and had attended her since, and she had suffered a good deal of pain. Mr. Elliott, addressing the defendant, said, "With respect to the immorality of your conduct, sir, there cannot be the slightest doubt; and a more disgusting detail of your abominable proceedings it has never been my misfortune to hear. How any person, with any pretension to the conduct of a gentleman or professional man, could be guilty of such filthy depravity, is truly astonishing. This case must go to the session; but in the interim let the summons stand over, to give time for the production of the two women who first accompanied the defendant to the house."

On Tuesday, *Mr. John George Brown* again appeared before Mr. Elliott. Mary Ann Stone and Mary Ann Kearney, unfortunate women, corroborated much of the testimony previously given. Mr. Henry George Lane, a builder in Nightingale-lane, Clapham, and a friend of the defendant, was here sworn, and said that the person who was managing this case for the complainant had that day offered to withdraw the complaint on payment of 6*l.* In his cross-examination, however, the witness admitted that this arrangement was to take place, subject only to the consent of the magistrate. On the part of the complainant, it was agreed to take 4*l.*; and this offer having been accepted by Mr. Binns on the part of his client, the matter was brought to a termination.

THE POKER.

William Franklin, a labourer, was charged at Westminster on Monday with feloniously assaulting and wounding a woman with whom he was cohabiting. It appeared from the evidence of R. Gittings, brother of the woman, that he paid them a visit on Sunday, at their lodging, George-street, Chelsea, where they spent the evening very comfortably, and then went out for a walk, in the course of which they called at a public-house, and had some refreshment. While the prisoner and witness were conversing, the woman went out, and some minutes elapsed before she returned. Prisoner was annoyed at her absence, and a wrangle ensued between them, after which the party returned to George-street, apparently on friendly terms; but the moment prisoner entered his room, he seized a new poker, with sharp edges, and gave the woman so desperate a blow on the head with it that she fell fainting into the arms of her brother, and was conveyed to St. George's Hospital. The injured woman was unable to attend, and a medical certificate was put in. In defence, the prisoner alleged that the quarrel which had commenced at the public-house was taken up by the brother when they got home, who seized a knife and threatened to stab him, whereupon he took up the poker to defend himself, and struck the woman by accident. The brother denied this most positively. Prisoner remanded for a week.

COURAGE IN A BOY.

George Brown, *George Thorpe*, and *James Bennett* were charged with robbery, at Worship-street, on Monday. On the bank of the Regent's-canal, between Haggerstone and Cambridge-heath bridges, is a lonely cottage inhabited by Mr. Taylor Abel, a plasterer, who on Friday last had a bill in his window notifying that he had a bedroom to let. Between three and four the prisoner Thorpe came and asked to look at it, and, having been shown it by Mrs. Emily Abel, asked permission for his brother to see it also. A quarter of an hour afterwards he returned with Bennett, whom he introduced as his brother, but in the meantime she had let the room to some one else. Not at all baulked by this, they called again at the same hour the next day, upon pretence of asking if she could let them have a bed, to which she replied in the negative; but they gradually led her into conversation until they ascertained what time she left to go out marketing, and then both again left together. The prosecutrix must have been watched out of her house by the prisoners, for she had scarcely left when Thorpe came and inquired for Mrs. Abel; and on being told by her nephew, a lad of sixteen, that she was not at home, asked permission to sit down and wait for her. He did so, but only for a few minutes, when he abruptly left; and upon the nephew (Sadler) looking through the window, he saw Thorpe joined by the other two prisoners, when all three stood together talking. They next looked at the house, and all advanced towards it in such a manner as to terrify young Sadler, who took down an empty pistol, and was looking for powder and shot, when a knock came at the door, and Brown and Bennett presented themselves and inquired for Mr. Abel. Sadler hastily thrust the pistol into his pocket, and missing Thorpe, whom he had just before seen with the others, suspected an intended robbery, shut Brown and Bennett out, and on running into the back parlour found the window wide open, his uncle's watch, chain, and seals gone, and marks of muddy footsteps upon the bedclothes and window-sill, showing that the thief had escaped over the wall in the rear. Sadler immediately looked out, and saw the three together running across some waste ground, but perseveringly pursued them into the Queen's-road, Dalston, where Thorpe and Bennett ran still faster, but Brown turned on him to knock him down. Sadler presented the empty pistol at him, upon which Brown fled in his turn, but still pursued by Sadler, crying, "Stop thief!" and in a few minutes after Thorpe, Brown, and Bennett were all captured. On finding himself detected, Brown thrust his hand into his trousers' pocket, and produced Mr. Abel's watch and appendages, upon which all three were taken to Kingsland station and searched, a wax-taper and silent matches being found upon Brown, and more matches and a latch-key on Bennett. Mr. D'Eyncourt complimented the youth Sadler on his courage and presence of mind, and ordered the prisoners to be committed till that day week for the completion of the depositions.

IMPUDENT OUTRAGE.

David Castle, aged thirty-one, a labourer, living at Shepherd's Bush, was charged at Hammersmith with having committed a violent assault upon a married woman named Sarah Parker. Complainant deposed that on Saturday night she was walking along Notting-hill with her sister, when, just before they reached Norland square, the prisoner came up to her and behaved improperly. She told him to go away, and proceeded with her sister down one of the turnings. After seeing her home, she returned into the high road for the purpose of going to her husband, who was at Shepherd's Bush. She again saw the prisoner, and he repeated his conduct. A gentleman came to her assistance; and she accepted his protection as far as Shepherd's Bush, where the gentleman left her. After he was gone, and when she was quite alone, the prisoner, who must have followed her, came up and struck her two severe blows on the face, which was cut, and bled for some time. She still felt the effect of the blows. Her screams brought to her assistance a police-constable, and she gave the prisoner into custody. The prisoner, in defence, said he mistook the complainant for a different sort of female. She struck him first, and he then struck her. Sentenced to imprisonment for three calendar months, with hard labour.

A WIFE'S DEPOSITION.

Inspector Holmes, of the K division, reported to Mr. Yardley, at the Thames Police Court on Tuesday, that Catherine Flynn, whose husband was in custody on a charge of chopping her arm with an adze, was in a dying condition in the London Hospital, and that the surgeons considered it necessary that her deposition should be taken without delay. Mr. Yardley, accompanied by Mr. Pyer, the junior clerk, and Mr. Livingston, the chief usher of the Court, went to the hospital. The woman was then sworn, and said, she was the wife of the prisoner, and had been married to him twenty-nine years. She then, with great composure, made a long statement, from which it appeared that on Saturday week she received money from her husband to go to market, and had made her purchases by three o'clock. While she was out she drank two or three drops with some friends at a public-house, and came home a little the worse for liquor, but soon became sober again. After tea she went out again and got a little more liquor, and "was not altogether what was called sober" when she returned. She was out for about an hour, and returned home about half-past six o'clock. Her husband was entering the court where they lived, and just before her. She was not then perfectly sober. She began to chop some wood with an adze, and her husband pulled the adze away from her hand with such force that she fell upon it and cut her arm. She was sure her husband did not hurt her, and that her arm was cut by her falling on the edge of the adze. She was not aware that her arm was cut until she saw the blood running from it. Mr. Horace F. Debenham, the house-surgeon of the hospital, was here appealed to by the magistrate, and he said, the woman's arm was cut right through the whole thickness, as if it had been done with a saw. Mr. Yardley.—Now, you know the state you are in; let me exhort you to tell the truth. The woman.—It is the truth. I fell on the adze. Mr. Yardley.—Have you seen the clergyman? The woman.—No, sir, I have not. Mr. Yardley.—I must implore you to speak the truth, for the sake of your own soul. The woman.—It is the truth, sir. Mr. Yardley.—Do you mean to say he never struck you with the adze? The woman.—No, sir; no more than you did that was not there. In answer to further questions by the magistrate, the witness said, that her husband said nothing to her when she fell on the adze, and that she made no noise about it at all, but went out, and, meeting with a young woman, was advised to go to the hospital. The prisoner was a good husband to her—too good; for he had often given her good clothes and gone without himself, and she had often pledged his property. Sometimes a bad word passed, and a blow, but her husband had never struck her so hard as to call for magisterial interference. Upon this evidence, Mr. Yardley liberated the prisoner, upon entering recognisances to appear again.

GROSS ASSAULT.

Thomas Nurse, a powerful and ruffianly-looking fellow, who was described on the police-sheet as a labourer, was charged with indecently assaulting Mrs. Sarah Rough, a respectable married woman. The complainant said that about nine o'clock she was walking along the Surrey Canal, when the prisoner, who was a perfect stranger to her, in passing by put his hand under her dress, and turned it over her head. She screamed as loud as she could, and the prisoner was taken. Sergeant Lester said that when about to take the prisoner he drew out a clasp-knife, and with an oath declared if he apprehended him he should run him through. He then attempted to run away, but he followed and secured him. Mr. Elliott told the prisoner that he had been guilty of a most unmanly and ruffian-like assault on a respectable woman, and sentenced him to six months' hard labour.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

*** *Although, when the arrangements were concluded for the production of this Journal, the Proprietors anticipated large support, the result has far exceeded their highest expectations. So great was the encouragement, both from the trade and the public, on its mere announcement, that the Proprietors feel bound to meet it by the permanent enlargement of the* Illustrated Times, *as soon as new arrangements can be properly effected.*

(COUNTRY EDITION.)

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1853.

POSTSCRIPT.

Vienna, Thursday Morning.

The Russian General Andronikoff has totally defeated the Turks in a battle at Akalsik, on the borders of Turkish Armenia.

The Turks left 4000 slain on the field.

REVERSES IN THE EAST.

There is no sage but your professed politician. He alone knows, at London, Paris, Vienna, or St. Petersburgh, in what order the events of all the rest of the world shall fall. The Church one day cast off its worn-out and virtueless mantle of prophecy—your politician found it, plied it well with Hebrew arts, boasts that it is as good as new—and prophesies. No matter how the accidents of each day confound and alter his predictions—each day, himself unconfoundable, he confounds and alters too, but still prophesies.

For a week the English public have been so misled. "Peace! peace!" was foretold in dulcet words; and all the Cabinets in Europe seemed bound to fulfil the prediction. Actual warfare was being waged between opposed powers *within* the ring, but what was that to actual protocolling between pacific powers *out* of it? The continental politician piped to the politician of London, and he of London wafted back the pleasing strain; but presently arrives a piece of intelligence which will probably put that pipe altogether out of tune.

While measures of reconciliation were being discussed, news arrived of the most important and significant event in the progress of the hostilities in the East. Thirteen Turkish vessels had been attacked and destroyed, with carnage which is described as "immense." This single reverse more than balances all the successes which, from time to time, the Turks have been described as having gained. These, there is now good reason to believe, have been very much exaggerated; but, small as they may eventually prove to have been, information arriving almost simultaneously with the news of the Sinope disaster reports them as seriously checked. It is not, however, the *extent* of the Russian success at Sinope, much as it may inflate the courage of the Czar, and prompt him to persevere in finding his ruin, that weakens our ever-small hopes of pacification, but its *character*. From good evidence the Turkish squadron is supposed to have consisted chiefly of transports, wholly unable to fight an action with line-of-battle ships. It is understood to have been chased into the harbour, and, there and on the seas, utterly annihilated; the Russians terminating the engagement "by burning the vessels they had not already destroyed by their fire." Be it remarked, there is no hint of an attempt to capture a single vessel, or save any man alive. The Russians numbered heavy ships and numerous guns, against which a squadron of transports could have no defence; and thus, as the fact is understood, they stand charged with having misused an overwhelming power, not to capture, but to annihilate a defenceless enemy.

Now, though in the present advanced period of civilisation, wars must be great, and the carnage of wars "immense," in their conduct there are certain principles of humanity which cannot be infringed without rousing the temper of the world. Barbarity is no element of modern warfare, though its chief characteristic be enormous slaughter; and if we are justified, as we undoubtedly are, in extending protection in a war of aggression *bravely* carried on, how much more are we called on to extend it against enemies not only to right and peace, but even to that last remnant of humanity which never forsakes an honourable soldier in the heat and height of blood? It is chiefly the effect such views as these are calculated to exercise upon the whole question, which in our opinion, founded upon present intelligence, gives the disaster of Sinope a most important position in the history of the fray.

A detachment of the allied fleets of France and England, if not the whole, have, however, ere this, entered upon the scene of action, and from that step something definite must arise. These vessels, it needs no prophet to declare, no Russian fleet will ever have an opportunity of chasing; but though their occupation of the Black Sea may be construed into a hostile demonstration, their real errand is peace, and will be peacefully carried out, unless the Russians will not have it so. The slightest obstruction on their part will define the wish, and in that case the next intelligence we receive may be of a new character.

The Turkish Loan.—It is believed that the report of the probable negotiation of a Turkish 5 per cent. loan in Paris for £4,000,000, through some of the financial institutions lately organised, is not without foundation. The Government, it is said, are disposed to promote it, but, in return, a condition will be exacted that the Sultan shall bind himself unreservedly to consent to whatever terms of adjustment with Russia the allied powers may think proper to propose.

The Riband Conspiracy.—The *Newry Telegraph* conveys intelligence of a capture of arms and ammunition, effected on Saturday last in the district of Meigh, and furnishes fresh evidences of the Riband ramification in the disturbed districts. A series of outrages are recorded.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

Although on Monday the steamers from Australia and America brought gold to the amount of nearly a million sterling, and the occurrence of a success on the part of the Russians had been looked upon as likely to make both the Emperor and the Sultan more willing to treat, the English funds, for the first time for several days, experienced a decline. Consols, which left off on Saturday at $95\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$, ex. div., were first quoted $95\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$, but receded to $95\frac{1}{8}$, and closed at $95\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$. The business transacted was of a very limited character. Bank Stock left off at 220 to 222; Reduced $95\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$; Three-and-a-Quarter, per Cents., $97\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$; India Bonds, 2*s.* to 5*s.*; and Exchequer-bills, 6*s.* to 9*s.* premium.

On Tuesday the English funds opened with a still more unsettled appearance, and ultimately experienced a further decline. Consols, which left off at $95\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$, ex. div., were first quoted $94\frac{3}{4}$ to 95, and soon advanced to 95 to $\frac{1}{8}$; but the market again became dull towards the close, and the final price was $94\frac{3}{4}$. Apprehensions as to the probability of the English and French fleets being called to take some decided part in hostilities were greatly increased, and the arrival of rather lower quotations from the Paris Bourse also tended to impart heaviness. A rise of nearly £10 per share occurred on Tuesday in the shares of the British American Land Company, from the revival of reports of gold discoveries in the neighbourhood of their property in Canada.

On Wednesday the English funds opened with much flatness, and the first quotations showed a further fall of $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. Subsequently there was a partial reaction. The lower quotations from Paris affected the market unfavourably in the early part of the day, while, on the other hand, confidence was in some degree strengthened by a disposition in the foreign market to purchase Russian.

COURT NEWS.

Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, with the Royal Family, are still at Osborne; but are expected to leave for Windsor, on or about the 19th instant, for the Christmas holidays.

MONSTROUS OUTRAGE.

On Wednesday William Hanlon, a powerful fellow, described as a horsekeeper in the service of a licensed victualler in Osborne-street, Whitechapel, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt, at Worship-street, with the following outrage upon a young woman:—The prosecutrix, who upon the first examination had her forehead completely enveloped in hospital strapping, and appeared very weak and exhausted, but gave her evidence with manifest reluctance and a wish to screen the prisoner, stated that she had been induced to live with him as his wife for about a twelvemonth, and that during nearly the whole of that time he had been incessantly in the habit of getting intoxicated. On the preceding day he went out at two o'clock, and did not return till between twelve and one in the morning, when she was aroused by his shouting at the bedroom-door, demanding to be let in. She was getting out of bed to let him in, the door being locked, when she heard him, with a disgusting oath, threaten to split her skull open with the poker as soon as he could get at her, and this was followed by the prisoner violently bursting the door in. She jumped out of bed in great alarm to secure the poker, which she was endeavouring to secrete beneath the bed-clothes in the dark, when she heard him grouping about for it; and, not being able to find it, he thereupon seized the kettle from the fireplace, and dealt her such a terrible blow upon the head with the sharp edge of it that the flesh was cut open and she dropped senseless to the floor. How long she remained so she did not know, but upon recovering her senses she hastened out into the street, and there met a policeman, who took her at once to the hospital, the surgeon of which had ordered her to be brought back again to the institution as soon as her evidence was over. (It was with the greatest difficulty that even these facts could be extracted from the witness, who declared that the fault was entirely her own, from her having greatly aggravated the prisoner; and though it was manifest, from the manner in which the adhesive plaster had been applied, that several blows must have been struck, she persisted in stating that she had only been struck once.) A constable of the H division stated that, upon reaching the spot, he found the woman with her head shockingly cut open and the blood streaming down her face; but that, upon his wanting to take the prisoner in charge, she notwithstanding positively refused to give him into custody. She was in such a dangerous state that he refrained from taking the accused then, and conveyed her to the hospital, but, upon reaching there, the house-surgeon told him immediately to capture her aggressor, as, if erysipelas supervened, which was probable, she would be in imminent danger. He therefore went back to the house at three in the morning, and took the prisoner, who, so far from expressing regret for his conduct, appeared to rejoice in it, and exclaimed "that he did not care a —— if he got hanged for her, as he was determined to get rid of her." The witness produced the kettle referred to, the thick edge of which was indented from the force of the blow. Upon this evidence the prisoner was remanded till Wednesday, that the result of the injuries the woman had received might be ascertained; and upon her now appearing, though much improved, she still exhibited great illness and debility, and the officer reported that he had orders to take her back to the hospital again. When called upon for his answer to the charge, the prisoner expressed his regret that he should have so treated her, but said that he had asked the complainant to forgive him, and she had readily consented to do so. Mr. D'Eyncourt said he had no doubt of that, from the obvious reluctance the young woman had shown throughout to prosecute; but it was his duty to listen to no such arrangement in so bad a case, and, as the expression the prisoner had uttered upon being taken into custody by the constable showed the brutal feeling by which he was actuated, he should sentence him to be imprisoned in the House of Correction and kept to hard labour for six months.

TRAGEDY AT PARIS.

Great sensation has been created in Paris by the murder of his wife by a Monsieur Vautier in the Champs Elysées. The body of Madame Vautier has been examined by medical men; and it has been ascertained that the precise cause of death was a wound in the lungs. Deceased was buried on Tuesday. She was a native of Paris, but it was at Marseilles, where she formed part of the company of what is called the Little Theatre, that her husband became acquainted with her. This was in 1851. She subsequently came to Paris, and made her first appearance in Paris at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, under the name of Mdlle. Durand. Her mother, about this time, purchased a furnished hotel in the Rue du Port Mahon. M. Vautier, in order not to leave her exposed to the strangers who frequented the house, gave her a sumptuously-furnished apartment in the Champs Elysées; and he went to live with her there, with her little girl, aged three years, the result of a *liaison* with another person. Shortly after she became *enceinte*, and was unable to appear at the theatre; and after she became a mother, she, on the promise of M. Vautier to marry her, abandoned the theatrical profession altogether, although not unlikely to obtain great success in it. The marriage took place at the beginning of the present year; but shortly after misunderstandings arose between the pair. Mdme. Vautier was fond of society, *fetes*, and dissipation. Her husband remonstrated kindly with her, but, finding his remonstrances unheeded, reproached her, and quarrels were the consequence. He even believed that she had given him far more serious cause of complaint; as on the day of the crime, Wednesday, he waited on one of the ablest members of the bar, and asked him whether drafts of letters written by his wife to a man, and letters addressed by him to her, which he had found secreted in a piece of furniture, were sufficient to justify on his part a demand for separation. Shortly after leaving the advocate, M. Vautier went home. He found his wife seated near the fire, and engaged in writing. He asked her what she was writing, and she said that that did not concern him. He attempted to seize the paper, but she threw it into the fire. A scene of reproach and violence then took place, and the unfortunate man, in a paroxysm of fury, repeatedly stabbed his wife with a poinard, which he was accustomed to carry with him. A judicial investigation into the affair is going on. Vautier is kept in secret confinement. His friends have placed deceased's little girl in a school, and her little son in an asylum. She had, it turns out, only two children, though the first accounts said she had three.

LIFE AT THE DIGGINGS.

The following is an extract from the letter of a digger established at Eagle Hawk Gully, September 3rd.:—

"Times have improved very much since you left us in one way, but they have fallen off very much in another. Food is cheaper; and, true to the old rule, 'when food is plentiful labour is cheap.' Gold is more scarce. I think the diggers would do better if they would only stick to one spot, and explore it thoroughly before giving it up, instead of, as many do, sink two or three holes in a gully, getting only moderate finds, then give it up in place of exploring further, and try elsewhere, running up expense on expense, losing their time, and doing no good; and why? Because it takes a long time to get into the run of the gold, and every time they shift they have, as it were, to go through a fresh apprenticeship to a fresh gully.

"You remember 'Dead Horse Gully,' the scene of our sporting adventures. Well, I lately sank a hole there in the deep sinking. Mine ran about seventeen feet, and, as it turned out pretty good, I drove in about forty feet towards the side of the hill. One day I had been more than usually lucky; so next morning betimes I was stirring, made fast my rope to a tree, and down I went by it hand under hand, lit my slush lamp, and proceeded along the drive on my hands and knees, eager to begin work, and thinking of the big nuggets. You remember I was always celebrated for making small drives. Shading the light with my hand, I crawled in. Near the far end I stopped to avoid crawling through a small pool of water. Casting the light before me to see how the land lay—horror of horrors!—on the other side of the pool I perceived a pair of small glittering grey eyes intently fixed on me—the cold, malignant expression of which forced the warm blood back to my heart with a bound which nearly suffocated me. I knew at once that it was a snake, and a deadly one, too. Arching its neck with a hissing noise, it collected itself for the fatal spring; starting back, my head came in contact with the roof of the tunnel, and I fell back stunned and senseless. How long I lay in this state I know not, but when I came to consciousness I at first thought that I was at home in the 'big smoke;' but gradually the truth forced itself upon me. Where was the snake? Was I bitten? To the last mental query I cheerfully answered 'No!' for most of these snakes are very deadly, and the bitten part swells up immediately. On consideration, I remembered that the snake had reared for the spring, so it was clear I had fallen in the nick of time, and the reptile had passed over me; but where was it now? A cold shudder passed over me when I considered that the snake must still be in the hole, perhaps even within a few feet, watching me with its glassy eyes, or preparing for another spring. I am not easily frightened, as you well know, but for all the gold in Bendigo I would not be in that situation again. How was I to proceed? My only weapon was a driving pick; grasping it, and creeping cautiously along, I heard a noise in front. Was it the snake? I held my breath in fearful suspense, with the sweat of agony moistening my brow. No, it was only some loose stones falling from the roof. I breathed again, and with a forced courage crept stealthily along. Arrived near the mouth of the tunnel, I was again startled at seeing a large carpet-snake (my late tormentor) circling round the bottom of the hole and gliding half his length up its slippery sides, darting in and out his forked tongue, and slowly moving his head as if searching for an opening to hide itself. Being concealed in the dark tunnel, I had ample time for deliberation. Evidently I should be able to strike the first blow if I could succeed in reaching the mouth without making a noise. I made up my mind at once, perhaps rashly; I might have done better if I had waited until it was asleep. Muttering a prayer, I crept cautiously forward; but the head of my pick caught against a loose projecting stone, and down came a lot of earth. Cursing my bad luck, I looked to see what effect it would have on the snake. It was evidently aroused, twisting and contorting its body into all sorts of knots and circles, at the same time keeping its piercing glance fixed on the mouth of the tunnel. Darting quickly from my concealment, I nailed the snake to the ground through the neck with my pick. With a hiss of pain, it suddenly threw its folds round my leg, and partly drew it towards its head; recovering, I planted my leg firmly, pulled out my bowie-knife with my left hand, and cut the snake in two about a foot from his head; still the slimy body was contracted round my leg, and still the forked tongue was playing in and out, notwithstanding the body was severed in two. I clambered up the side of the hole, with the snake's body still clinging to my leg; when I got to the grass I again cut the snake in two and unwound it, thanking God for my narrow escape. The snake measured eight feet six inches. I went home to my tent and made out the day 'fossicking.' Bill and Tom send their remembrances; and, wishing you luck, I remain yours, &c."

The Escaped Convict, John Mitchell.—The steamer Prometheus lately arrived at New York, bringing the celebrated John Mitchell, with his wife and six children. Accompanying Mr. Mitchell is Mr. P. J. Smythe, who went out to bring him home. As the Prometheus came up the river, she was boarded by Messrs. Meagher and William Mitchell, the brother of the patriot. The meeting between these friends in sorrow and persecution, says an American paper, "was affecting in the extreme. Tears of joy were shed on both sides. On nearing the wharf, the news of the arrival of Mr. Mitchell spread like wildfire, and ships and piers were literally swarming with the immense throng who crowded to give him a freeman's welcome. A number of guns were discharged in honour of the occasion, and cheer upon cheer resounded. The river was alive with boats, in which were many friends of Mr. Mitchell. As fast as one boat's-load clambered on board the steamship they were followed by another, until at length the decks of the Prometheus were covered with one dense mass of human beings. After an immense amount of congratulation, the party were smuggled ashore in carriages that were in readiness. The vehicles drove off at a rapid pace towards the Hamilton Ferry, amid the roars of artillery and the shouts of the populace. They were attended by an immense throng of persons who ran after the carriage, eager to get a glance at the patriot. The ferry-boat was crowded to excess, and on its arrival at the Brooklyn-side was received by a still larger crowd of welcomers. Mr. Mitchell and his family, together with his friends, were cheered in the most enthusiastic manner, and the carriages which bore them were followed by the throng. So enthusiastic were his friends that they were almost ready to take him from the vehicle, and carry him upon their shoulders. The carriages stopped at the corner of Union and Hicks streets, at the residence of Mr. Mitchell's mother, brother, and sister. During the afternoon of yesterday, Mr. Mitchell was waited upon at his residence by a large number of his personal friends, who came to tender him their welcomes and congratulations. All through the evening his house was surrounded by a dense throng of persons desirous of obtaining a sight or a grasp of the hand of the patriot. About ten o'clock, Mr. Mitchell was serenaded by a large number of the citizen-soldiery and Manahan's band. Among the visitors at the house were several of the most distinguished Irish patriots residing in New York. Among the soldiery who turned out were the Irish Rifles, Mitchell Guard, Meagher Grenadiers, Jackson Guard, Montgomery Guard of Jersey City, two companies of the 69th and one of the 9th Regiments New York State Militia, and others."

GENERAL NEWS.

The Strikes.—The wages' movement continues to agitate Preston and the neighbourhood, and the prospect of adjustment is as far removed as ever. The usual weekly meeting was held in the Orchard on Monday, and was numerously attended. The chairman congratulated the assembly upon the fact that, although that was what is termed the "little week," the subscription was actually larger than ever. The amount placed at the disposal of the Weavers' Committee is £2,250. This would increase the payments from 4*s.* to 5*s.* per head. From the reports of the delegates, it appeared that the fund reserved for Christmas week already amounted in the aggregate to £1000, Blackburn alone having £247 in hand. The number of applicants for employment at the various mills in Preston amounted during the past week to only 200, including mechanics and others who have no connexion with the present agitation. There has been a large increase in the number of hands receiving relief from the various committees, the weavers alone exceeding the number of the previous week by 466 persons. Their funds, however, have not only enabled them to meet the large demand, but the committee had a balance in hand of £156 5*s.* 7*d.* The increase in the number of spinners was 144; their committee have a balance in hand of £57 7*s.* 9*d.*, after investing £50 in their "local fund." It appears from the returns that the total expenditure in relief from the commencement of the strike amounted at the expiration of the week to the sum of £26,434 3*s.* 4*d.* On Monday, the leaders in Preston deemed it expedient to convene a meeting of the middle classes, in order that they might be made acquainted with the origin and present position of this dispute. The meeting took place in the theatre, which was crowded to excess in every part, the audience including many tradespeople and other respectable inhabitants of the town. Mr. Councillor Dixon consented to preside; and several approbationary resolutions were passed.

Health of London during the Week.—The present return discovers a decrease of mortality in London on the two previous weeks, but it still indicates a not very favourable state of the public health. The deaths registered in the last four weeks were 1,162, 1,339, 1,414, and (in the week that ended last Saturday) 1,308. In the ten weeks corresponding to last week of the years 1843-52, the average number was 1,215, which, if raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1,337. The actual number of deaths being 1,308, it differs but to a small extent from the estimated amount. The increase in the deaths caused by diseases of the respiratory organs has been the principal feature of late returns. The numbers referred to this class have been in the last four weeks: 180, 297, 379, and 343. From phthisis in the tubercular class, they were in the same periods 133, 166, 175, and 157. Last week bronchitis was fatal in 159 cases, while the corrected average of ten corresponding weeks (in 1843-52) was 113; pneumonia was fatal in 142, while the same average was 134. Typhus and hooping-cough predominate at present amongst epidemic diseases, the former numbering sixty-four fatal cases, the latter fifty-six. Typhus shows an increased tendency to prevail. Cholera rapidly declines; it reached its maximum in the first week in November, when the deaths were 102; in the five subsequent weeks they have been 98, 72, 46, 28, and (last week) 13.

Shocking Scaffold Accident.—On Monday afternoon an accident of a frightful nature occurred to a bricklayer named Waller Tighe, who, it appears, was employed on a scaffold at a new building in Goswell-street. By some means the unfortunate man missed his footing, and was precipitated from a height of more than twenty feet to the ground. His fellow-workmen imagined that he had been killed on the spot; but, finding that he exhibited some signs of returning animation, he was removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Bristol.—Singular Death.—Mr. W. Cutts, the landlord of the Masons' Arms Tavern, Temple-street, Bristol, met with a singular accident a day or two ago, which has since terminated fatally. He was down in his cellar tapping a cask of beer, when by some accident his foot slipped, and he fell backwards on the stone floor with such force as to fracture his skull. He was taken up insensible and carried to bed; but although he had the best medical assistance, he never spoke afterwards. A *post mortem* examination was made, when there was found effusion on the brain. An inquest has since been held on the body, and a verdict of "Accidental death" returned.

Lancashire.—The Cholera at Liverpool.—This disease, which it was hoped had entirely disappeared from this town, has broken out in a more alarming form. Up to a late period it had been confined almost entirely to German emigrants, who had brought the seeds of the malady with them from their native land; but within the last few days it has broken out among the inhabitants of the town in the lower districts, and eighteen deaths were reported on Friday last, at the meeting of the Health Committee, as having occurred in the neighbourhood of Scotland-road and Vauxhall-road.

Affair of Honour.—A hostile correspondence has passed between the Rev. Peter Reynolds, parish priest of Claremorris, and Mr. John Francis Browne, a magistrate of the county of Galway. The *casus belli* arose out of an expression made use of by the latter at some local meeting, to the effect that certain corporate funds had, with the knowledge of the clergyman, "went in a way that they ought not to go." This insinuation roused the ire of Father Peter: and hence a series of missives which, happily for the Queen's peace, resulted in a declaration on the part of the priest that his honour was satisfied, and that his antagonist had disclaimed, sincerely and promptly, all and every intention of uttering a single word offensive to the parish priest of Claremorris.

Fatal Accident at the Excise Office.—About half-past seven o'clock on Monday morning a fatal occurrence took place, which resulted in the death of one person, and four others received such serious injuries that their lives are despaired of. Extensive alterations are in progress at the old Excise Office, in the court-yard of which a large pile of old bricks had been stacked, and a number of men were employed to clean them. The men were at work close to the stack, and incautiously took the bricks from the bottom, as they were required, by which the pile was undermined to such a degree that the whole mass fell, burying five men beneath. Other labourers instantly set to work, and succeeded in extricating them. One man named Daniel Mauny was found to be quite dead; and four others so severely injured that they were removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where they received the most prompt attention.

News from the Arctic Ocean.—By advices brought by the Arabia, we are informed that her Majesty's frigate Amphitrite had arrived at San Francisco from the Arctic Ocean. On her return to Valparaiso, on the 23rd of March, from her first visit to Behring's Straits, she was again despatched to Port Clarence and Cape Lisburne, to communicate with her Britannic Majesty's ship Plover. She reached her destination on the 19th of July. Instead of meeting the boats of the Plover, as she expected, she found the whole coast from Point Hope to Cape Lisburne blocked up with ice. Here she remained, standing off and on, until the 4th of August, finding no boats, when she started for the Icy Cape, and on the 9th of August unexpectedly fell in with the Plover, all well. The winter had been of long duration, and the Plover's crew had suffered from scurvy. At Point Barrow the Amphitrite found about 200 natives, from whom she learnt that her Britannic Majesty's ships Enterprise and Investigator had passed that point, and were in the ice, and, from the indications afforded by the drifting ice and currents, there is little chance of their having put back. On the 22nd of August the two vessels met the Rattlesnake with supplies from England for the Plover; and on the 24th the Plover sailed for Point Barrow, for the purpose of wintering. On the 8th of September the Amphitrite left Port Clarence, and arrived at Honolulu on the 1st of October. The American whaling-ship Citizen had been wrecked in lat. 67 N., crew saved, and ultimately taken on board the Bremen ship Joseph Haydon, and scattered among the whaling-fleet. Immense numbers of whales were seen in the Straits.

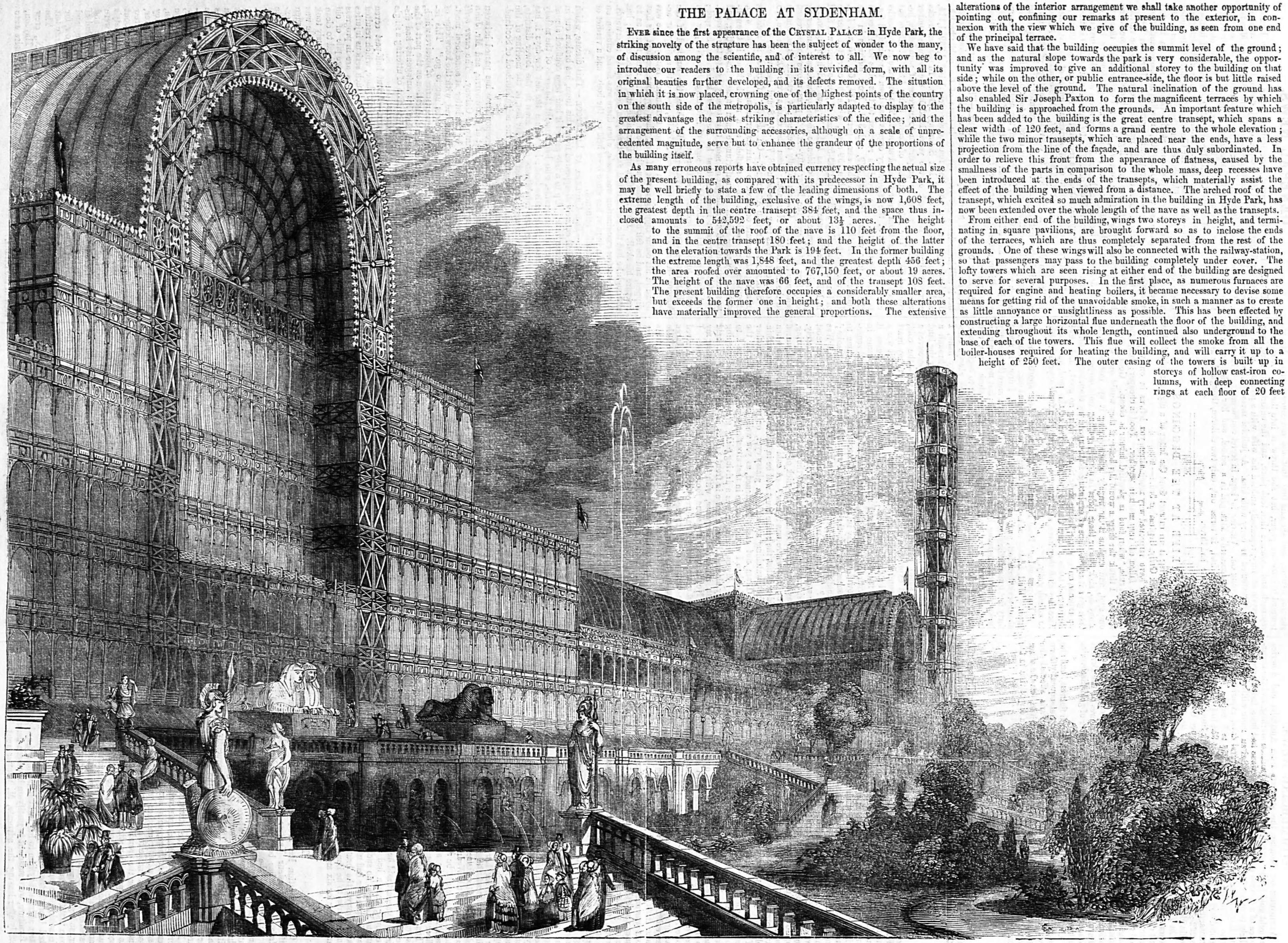
THE PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

Ever since the first appearance of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, the striking novelty of the structure has been the subject of wonder to the many, of discussion among the scientific, and of interest to all. We now beg to introduce our readers to the building in its revivified form, with all its original beauties further developed, and its defects removed. The situation in which it is now placed, crowning one of the highest points of the country on the south side of the metropolis, is particularly adapted to display to the greatest advantage the most striking characteristics of the edifice; and the arrangement of the surrounding accessories, although on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, serve but to enhance the grandeur of the proportions of the building itself.

As many erroneous reports have obtained currency respecting the actual size of the present building, as compared with its predecessor in Hyde Park, it may be well briefly to state a few of the leading dimensions of both. The extreme length of the building, exclusive of the wings, is now 1,608 feet, the greatest depth in the centre transept 384 feet, and the space thus inclosed amounts to 542,592 feet, or about 13½ acres. The height to the summit of the roof of the nave is 110 feet from the floor, and in the centre transept 180 feet; and the height of the latter on the elevation towards the Park is 194 feet. In the former building the extreme length was 1,848 feet, and the greatest depth 456 feet; the area roofed over amounted to 767,150 feet, or about 19 acres. The height of the nave was 66 feet, and of the transept 108 feet. The present building therefore occupies a considerably smaller area, but exceeds the former one in height; and both these alterations have materially improved the general proportions. The extensive alterations of the interior arrangement we shall take another opportunity of pointing out, confining our remarks at present to the exterior, in connexion with the view which we give of the building, as seen from one end of the principal terrace.

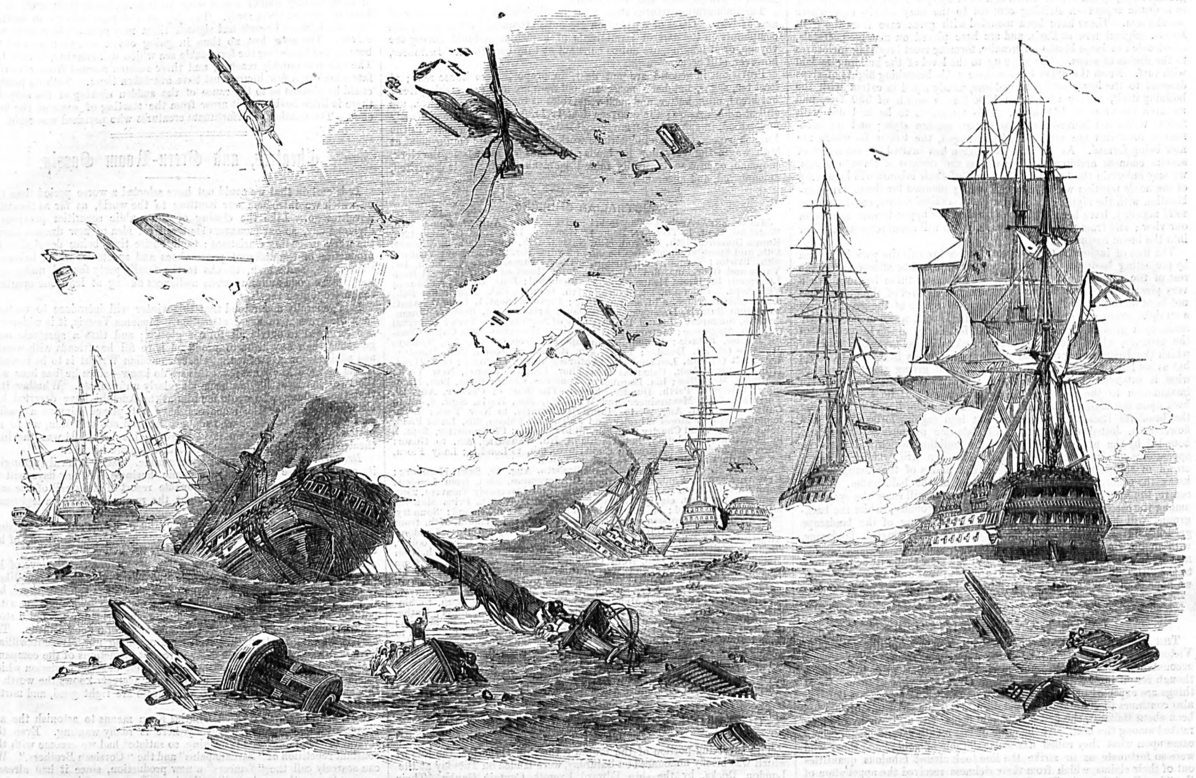
We have said that the building occupies the summit level of the ground; and as the natural slope towards the park is very considerable, the opportunity was improved to give an additional storey to the building on that side; while on the other, or public entrance-side, the floor is but little raised above the level of the ground. The natural inclination of the ground has also enabled Sir Joseph Paxton to form the magnificent terraces by which the building is approached from the grounds. An important feature which has been added to the building is the great centre transept, which spans a clear width of 120 feet, and forms a grand centre to the whole elevation; while the two minor transepts, which are placed near the ends, have a less projection from the line of the façade, and are thus duly subordinated. In order to relieve this front from the appearance of flatness, caused by the smallness of the parts in comparison to the whole mass, deep recesses have been introduced at the ends of the transepts, which materially assist the effect of the building when viewed from a distance. The arched roof of the transept, which excited so much admiration in the building in Hyde Park, has now been extended over the whole length of the nave as well as the transepts.

From either end of the building, wings two storeys in height, and terminating in square pavilions, are brought forward so as to inclose the ends of the terraces, which are thus completely separated from the rest of the grounds. One of these wings will also be connected with the railway-station, so that passengers may pass to the building completely under cover. The lofty towers which are seen rising at either end of the building are designed to serve for several purposes. In the first place, as numerous furnaces are required for engine and heating boilers, it became necessary to devise some means for getting rid of the unavoidable smoke, in such a manner as to create as little annoyance or unsightliness as possible. This has been effected by constructing a large horizontal flue underneath the floor of the building, and extending throughout its whole length, continued also underground to the base of each of the towers. This flue will collect the smoke from all the boiler-houses required for heating the building, and will carry it up to a height of 250 feet. The outer casing of the towers is built up in storeys of hollow cast-iron columns, with deep connecting rings at each floor of 20 feet



THE CRYSTAL PALACE FROM THE GARDEN TERRACES.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TURKISH SQUADRON.



high. The columns will form water-pipes, through some of which the water will be pumped to a tank at the summit, descending through others to supply the jets of the large fountains. The spaces between the columns will be filled in with glazed sashes, similar to the inclosure of the main building; and the different floors will thus form so many galleries, by ascending to which the view of the surrounding country may be gradually extended at the pleasure of the visitor. For this purpose, an iron staircase, winding round the internal shaft, will be carried to the topmost floor. From so lofty a look-out, the panorama will be magnificent and very extended; but there has been as yet no opportunity of ascertaining its limits. As the Crystal Palace has, however, been seen from Windsor, no doubt the Castle will be visible from Sydenham.

We will now return for a moment to the broad terraces immediately in front of the building, as seen in the accompanying view. The upper one forms a fine gravel-walk about 50 feet wide, and having a length rather

PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.—COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

greater than that of the building itself—namely, 1700 feet; it is approached from the lower storey of the building by three broad flights of granite steps, by the side of which figures of Egyptian sphinxes are resting in majestic repose—a striking contrast to the busy activity everywhere about them. These have been moulded with great care from the well-known original now at Paris, and are here placed on massive pedestals, constructed of large blocks of granite, forming most imposing inclosures to the flights of steps. The slope up to the level of the building is laid with turf. From the upper terrace three noble branching flights of steps descend to the lower and principal one, nearly equal in extent with the building itself, having a length of 1700 feet, a width of 350 feet, and an area therefore of 12½ acres. This terrace is to be laid out with formal walks and flower-beds in the Italian garden style; and six ornamental fountains are symmetrically arranged, the basins for which are now being formed. As Sir Joseph Paxton has invited the assistance of several eminent architects and artists for the designs of these fountains, we may entertain the hope that the result of their labours will be worthy of the noble position which has been so ably planned for them. In combination with the flights of steps, ranges of vaulted niches, constructed in solid masonry, have been introduced against the upper terrace, as seen in our view; and from these numerous dolphins will spout streams of water into the broad basins below.

The line of inclosure of the great terrace towards the park is broken by projecting bastions, from which a good view will be afforded over the rest of the grounds. A group of trees on one of these bastions has a very pleasing effect, and shows that the original level of the ground has not been disturbed at that point. From the centre of the great terrace a straight avenue, 100 feet wide, and lined with a stone balustrade, leads, by a gradual incline nearly 2000 feet long, to the lower part of the grounds, where the grand water-works will be arranged, and for which the basins and structural portions are already in a forward state; but as we hope to have a future opportunity of giving some account of what is intended to be done there, we will reconduct the visitor in imagination to the centre of the upper terrace. If he then turn his back upon the building, he will see spread out immediately beneath him the beautiful Italian terrace, carved out into regular forms of turf and flower-beds, dotted with fountains of elaborate ornamental design, and bounded by the projecting wings of the building, which will have the appearance of large conservatories. The eye will wander among a crowd of statues which will ornament the basins of the fountains, and break the otherwise too monotonous lines of the balustrades. In the centre, the long perspective of the great avenue will carry the eye down among the cascades and fountains of the lower grounds; while the background will be formed by the picturesque grouping of the landscape gardens and park. Beyond these there is a pretty English landscape, with an horizon of hills, on which the well-known Knockholt beeches may be spied. Such is a slight sketch of the view that will be presented to the visitor to the Crystal Palace grounds; and on a future occasion we hope to give our readers a peep into the interior.

LATEST FRON THE GOLD FIELDS.

The *Melbourne Argus*, of the 2nd Sept., summarising the position of Victoria colony, states that the Goulburn diggings, from which flattering accounts were received, have not fulfilled the expectations at first formed, though recent information gives a more favourable view of them. Great things are expected of the Ovens during the ensuing summer. Bendigo also continues to maintain its reputation. But the chief talk of late has been about Ballarat, the first of our gold fields, and still worthy of being ranked among the best. At the close of last month several diggers there came upon what they called a regular "table of gold;" and those who were so fortunate as to strike the line took almost fabulous quantities out of their claims, which from their richness received the appellation of the "jewellers' shops." The escort returns having confirmed the current reports, a rush was the immediate consequence, though from the nature of the new diggings in that quarter multitudes will be doomed to disappointment. All the heavy finds have been obtained by deep sinking; and the reader will see that the term is used with some degree of propriety when we inform him that the depth of the holes is frequently from 60 to 120 feet, and that many very productive ones have lately been above 100. The gold is found in the beds of what may be called subterraneous creeks—that is, creeks which have formerly been on the surface, but are now buried beneath the deposits of more recent times. This being the case, there is nothing on the present surface to indicate the direction of the aboriginal channel. As described by the diggers themselves, the gold is found in a gutter from six to eight feet wide at the top, and two to four feet wide at the bottom. It is obvious that there must be great uncertainty in finding gold where it is confined to such a narrow and capricious line. At this moment some are sinking for this gutter over a width of 300 yards. The result of such a mode of operation is, that not more than one hole in fifty hits the line, and the rest are what the diggers call "shicers." Some of the holes in Canadian-gully have been estimated to yield gold to the value of £2000 per square foot; but this is probably an exaggeration—at least, we have it on good authority that one hole (one of the richest) was valued at £800 per running foot; and as the gutter was ten feet wide, it would give £80 for the square foot, instead of the £1200 or £2000 mentioned by a contemporary.

Experiments in deep sinking have also been going on for some time at Bendigo, with the view of reaching a second bottom.

Since the 18th of August, the escorts have brought down 258,927 ozs. The returns show a steady weekly increase, with the exception of last week, which exhibits a shortcoming of no less than 12,000 ozs., taking the average returns for the preceding four weeks.

GOLD RECEIVED BY ESCORT SINCE AUGUST 13, 1853.

	Aug. 20.	Aug. 27.	Sept. 3.	Sept. 10.	Sept. 17.
Bendigo, &c.	2[illegible],167	3[illegible],360	39,077	41,681	21,738
M'Ivor	1,438	1,408	2 597	1 590	1,633
Private escort	6,313	4,552	4,846	3.090	—
Ballarat	4,738	5,945	8,377	15,257	13.615
Ovens	5,746	—	5,995	—	5 358
Goulburn	—	—	—	1,970	436
Total	44,402	47,265	60,892	63,588	42,780

WOOL SHIPPED FROM AUSTRALIA DURING THE YEARS ENDING JULY 5.

	1852.	1853.
Melbourne	9,389,967 lbs.	10,248,049 lbs.
Geelong	6,791.400 "	6,721.960 "
Port Fairy	723,400 "	1.259,725 "
Portland	1,752,800 "	3,080,560 "
	18,657,567	21,310,294

The number of bales in 1852 was 66,634; and in 1853, 76,108.

A process is going on, however, which may one day seriously affect the supply of wool which they now draw from these shores. The value of the carcass is so steadily gaining upon that of the fleece as naturally to affect the care with which each is watched by the settler. Fine, fat, large-sized sheep now frequently sell at 30*s*. each, the current price before the gold discovery having been 10*s*. to 12*s*., while the fleece has scarcely improved in value at all. So fast, too, is the proportion between meat and its consumers altering, that higher prices still for the carcass are reasonably to be looked for. Besides this, that terrible scourge of the sheepowner, the scab, is spreading rapidly through our flocks, and the high rate of labour prevents the squatters from grappling with it as they ought.

Commerce, &c.—The production of breadstuffs in Australia is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the consumption. Considerable stocks of American flour are on hand; but shipments from the ports of the United States appear now to have been merely suspended. Low prices have for a time prevailed, and the fear of possible scarcity is held in view.

The market is still overstocked with goods; but while symptoms of a firmer feeling are beginning to appear, credit and confidence are unshaken, and activity is discernible in every department of industry and enterprise. Building operations are carried on to a surprising extent. Public baths are added to the list, and a post-office, which is a perfect model of completeness and convenience.

The immigration returns show a slight diminution in the number of new arrivals. Cases of destitution are not so frequent as they were, and complaints on the part of immigrants of hardships endured during the voyage, or at landing, are not so constant as they used to be. Instances, however, still occur.

Provisions in general are not dear, in proportion to house rent; at least tea, sugar, butcher's meat, and potatoes are at a reasonable price; but bread, milk, butter, and such vegetables as turnips, cabbages, &c., are still at a high figure; the quartern loaf is 1*s*. 6*d*. It must be distinctly understood, in spite of all "croaking" letters which have swarmed in the English papers, that the industrious workman may secure employment at high wages the very day he lands; while, at the same time, the clerk, shopman, or broken-down city idler lingers about our streets dispirited, unemployed, and miserable.

AUSTRALIAN SHIPPING.

Melbourne.—Arrived—The Rebel and Fleetwing, Aug. 27, Zuma, 30th, Watchful, Sept. 1, Treasure, Sept. 1, Hanover, 11th, New Orleans, 12th, Emma Goodwin, 10th, Nimrod, 14th, Sussex, 17th, Jessy, 19th, Lochnagar, 19th, and Speculation, all from London; Lydia, Aug. 28, Guernsey; Venture, 28th, Bristol; Vernon, 28th, Briton, 30th, Alabama, Sept. 12, Torch, 1st, Yarra and Georgiana, 3rd, Australia, 19th, Heart of Oak, 19th, all from Liverpool; Benjamin Heape, Aug. 30, Shanghai; Jane, Batavia; Thane of Fife, Sept. 1, Chieftain, 1st, Maryann, 7th, Ivanhoe, 15th, Hurricane, 10th, and Sophia Berridge, all from the Clyde; Fortuna, Sept. 1, Cape Derwent; 2nd, from Batavia, Lodewyk, Amsterdam; Ariadne, 3rd, Boston; Whampoa, 4th, Singapore; Leland, Boston; City of Norfolk, New York; Shanghai (s), 11th, Singapore; Metropolis, 11th, China; Harmony, 12th, Cape; General Chasse, Batavia; Randolph, Singapore; Cleopatra (s), 6th, Sydney; Hercules (s), 1st, Dundee; Lælia, 4th, Rochester; Scotia, 10th, Dundee; Lowestoft (s), 4th, Londonderry; Anthracite, 14th, Grimsby; Gay Head, 17th, Boston; Teak, Calcutta; Asa Thor, China; Nimrod, New York; Mathilde, Marseilles; Ida, Hamburg; Anatottes, China; Idem, 19th, Hamburg; Queen of Perth, Dundee. Sailed—The Earl of Chester, Aug. 29, Fortitude, 30th, Mountaineer, and Wacousta, 31st, Ituria, Sept. 6, all to Callao; Marmion, Aug. 29, to Mauritius; Bavaria, to New York; Lochlomond, Sept. 1, Moses Wheeler and Julia, 2nd, Falcon, 6th, Lucia Field, John M'Mayo, and Charter Oak, 8th, all to Calcutta; Chronometer, Sept. 1, to Mauritius; Resolution, 2nd, Gochland, 7th, Vanguard, 8th, to Guam; Bore, and Æolus, to Singapore; Chowringee, 6th, to London; Lady Flora, 1st, to Sydney; Culloden, 4th, to Hobart Town.

Sydney, N. S. W.—Arrived—The Elizabeth, Aug. 20, from Hamburg; Unicorn steamer, 22nd, from Callao; Perseverance, 23rd, from London; John Patchett, from Batavia; Fanny, 24th, from Liverpool; Talavera, 25th, from Southampton, eighty-five days; David M'Ivor, 22th, Prins Maurits, 26th, from Liverpool; H. M. B. Fantome, from New Zealand; Soundry, 25th, Asia, 26th, Renaissance, Sept. 8, from Swansea; Niagara, 27th, from London; Alert, and Princess Sophie, previous to Sept. 5, from London; Annette Gilbert, 5th, from Liverpool; John Barrow, and William Woolley, 7th, from Melbourne; Fanny, from Launceston; Walmer Castle, 12th, from Melbourne; Kinnear, 14th, from London; Shanghae steamer, 15th, from Singapore, with the Overland Mail of the 8th July. Sailed—The Sir H. Hardinge, Aug. 21, to Manilla; Chamois, 22nd, to Guam; Mooltan, to Calcutta; Creole and Senator, to Singapore; Estafette, 23rd, to Batavia; Stratheden, 24th, to Guam; Mandarin, to Shanghai; Pauline, 25th, to Singapore; Planet, to Hong Kong; Caroline Chisholm, 5th, to Manilla; Katherine Stuart Forbes, to Guam; Iris, to Batavia; Allandale, to Madras; Countess of Leicester, to London; Carl Hermann, to Akyab; Freak, 7th, to Bally; Marchioness of Londonderry, to Guam; Mohawk, 16th, to London.

Geelong.—Arrived—The Sky Rocket, Aug. 30, Argenti, 31st, Pantaloon, Sept. 2, Brilliant, 17th, all from London.

Adelaide.—Arrived—The Magdalene, Aug. 25, from Southampton; Malacca, 24th, from Port Wakefield; Indemnity, 28th, from London; Havana, Marie, Sept. 1, from Plymouth; Aura, from Liverpool.

FOUNDERING OF THE BARQUE HYPERION AND LOSS OF LIFE.

The surviving portion of the crew of the ship Hyperion, the loss of which was briefly announced on Saturday, were landed on Tuesday at the London Docks, by the ship Edward Everett, Captain Ganby. Their names are John H. Perkins, master of the ill-fated vessel; Thomas Hartley, first-mate; Henry Swift, second-mate; and George Phillips, seaman. Their statement of the loss of the ship, and the terrible sufferings they endured for fifty-six hours, clinging to pieces of wreck, is of a very thrilling character, and presents one of the most marvellous escapes we have for some time heard of. The Hyperion left New York on Friday, the 28th of October, for Kingston, in Jamaica, and nothing particularly occurred until Saturday, when the wind came round to the N.E., and commenced to blow heavy, accompanied by rain. This kind of weather continued during the night, and on the following morning the wind further increased quite suddenly with a high cross sea. About six o'clock a fearful wave struck her, which had the effect of nearly throwing her upon her beam-ends. This caused her cargo to shift, which careened her over considerably to starboard. The hands, with some difficulty, close-reefed the topsails, and then discovered that the vessel had sprung a leak. The pumps were kept in constant operation until twelve o'clock at night; but they had no effect in reducing the water: the leak was gaining upon her, and she was evidently fast settling down. The captain then directed the boats to be got out; but, unhappily, before they could be cleared of the spars and rigging, the ship, between one and two o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 31st, took a sudden lurch, and went down in deep water, in lat. 35 10, long. 73 45, Cape Hatteras bearing W. by S., distant one hundred miles, all the crew, excepting the above-named four survivors, perishing with her. As the vessel disappeared beneath the waters, the captain got upon a piece of the top of the hatchway, five feet square, and the two mates and seaman upon the side of the forecastle-house. The men who were on the side of the forecastle saw nothing of the captain, and they imagined that they were the only parties saved, while the captain entertained a similar belief as regarded himself. Towards daybreak, Captain Perkins, who is a very heavy man, about six feet in height, and had the greatest difficulty in keeping on the piece of hatchway which he had clung to, found a more secure kind of raft in a portion of the top of the forecastle-house. There was a hole in it, through which the flue-pipe of the stove passed, through which he put his legs, and which enabled him to keep a more firm hold on the wood. In this position he was buffeted about the ocean all Monday and Tuesday, until Wednesday morning. The water was up to his arm-pits, and the waves kept washing over his head. The weather had but little moderated. He suffered much from thirst, cold, and severe cramp. Death seemed to him inevitable; and once or twice, so severe was his suffering and hopeless his chance of rescue, he had an idea of casting himself off to find a sailor's grave, but for a shark which kept dodging about the raft the whole two days, at times coming so close as almost to rub its sides against the timber. In the course of Tuesday he observed a sail some distance off, and if it had been nearer the formidable sea which was running would almost to a certainty have prevented him being observed. He passed another night's dreadful misery, and he found that his life was fast ebbing away from exhaustion. On the following (Wednesday) morning, the ship Edward Everett appeared in sight; and in order to do the utmost to attract the observation of the crew he made an effort in raising himself a little; and, extending his arms, he waved his cap with one hand, and a piece of board, painted white, which he had picked up, floating by, with the other. He was seen, but at the time the crew thought it was a boat with two sails. On nearer approach, however, his position was discovered, and Captain Ganby, of the Edward Everett, immediately ordered a boat off to his rescue, and about eight o'clock he was taken off his frail and perilous support, and got on board the ship, although in a very exhausted condition from hunger and cold and almost constant immersion. While his preservation was being accomplished, the officers of the Edward Everett perceived about a mile off the three poor fellows who were on the side of the forecastle. Like their captain, they had endured a great amount of suffering. The wood or framework to which they clung, and which afforded but little hold beyond grasping the ends, was just and only sufficient to bear them up, for the sea flooded the part where they sat huddled together, and covered their lower extremities. However, they did not despair. They endeavoured to buoy up each other's spirits, and tried to make light of their time by poking a piece of stick at two or three hungry sharks which kept floundering about their craft, in the hope of scaring them away. The joy of the poor fellows on noticing that the Edward Everett had sighted them may perhaps be readily conceived. The crew lost no time in going out a second time with the boat, notwithstanding the formidable sea which was running, to save life. The raft was quickly reached, and three seamen rescued from a terrible fate which in a few hours must have overtaken them. Nothing positive could be gleaned as to the cause of the sudden sinking of the ship, but there is little doubt that it arose from the starting of some of the butt-ends. The number of unfortunate creatures who perished was eight.

Theatres, and Green-Room Gossip.

It is certain that we could not have selected a worse period than that on which we introduce our bantling to the world, as far as theatrical novelties go. Like the closing of the public securities previous to dividend day, so our managers shut out all idea of new dramas during the week preceding Christmas; their entire time being devoted to the production of the different pantomimes and spectacles which belong to this season, and which, thanks to the family party formed under each roof, insure good and numerous audiences during at least one month to the metropolitan theatres.

It is generally understood that this winter will introduce to us more than the average of usual attraction. Madame Vestris, it is whispered, is determined to outvie all former glories; and that a spectacle more gorgeous than any hitherto produced is to fill her friends with wonder and admiration. How far that clever comedian Wright is to be included in the cast, we know not; but this we do know—since he has been with the two Charleses he has been singularly unfortunate. Whether it is that the authors who wrote for him at the Adelphi have deserted him elsewhere—whether the managers have not played him as a leading card—whether the *troupe* who support him do not suit him, we do not pretend to decide. Certain it is, however, his best field was the little theatre where he has left Paul Bedford to deplore his loss.

Drury Lane has announced its pantomime. Barry is busily arranging it, and of course will lead the comic business. A few days will be required to purge this once fashionable resort of the smell of the sawdust; and we shall hail with delight the re-appearance of a legitimate Christmas piece within its walls.

Flexmore takes charge of the stage at the *New Strand*, where we shall be glad to see Miss Rebecca Isaacs play some new part more worthy of her charming talents than those she has lately been enacting.

Buckstone is about to produce a new pantomime (we believe of his own composition) at the *Haymarket*—a novel experiment, and one likely to be crowned with success. Coyne's new comedy is running there, but it wants vigour. We do not believe he could write badly: his wit is pointed, and his pieces always clever; but in thus spinning out a story he has spoiled a good farce, and fallen far short of a good comedy. The cast is wanting in strength. Neither Buckstone nor Mrs. Fitzwilliam have first-rate parts; and one of the greatest attractions of the company, the ever-popular Miss Reynolds, is wholly left out—an omission which would almost make us believe the manager scarcely knows the worth of this charming actress. The two after-pieces are right good, and mirth-stirring.

There can be no doubt that Charles Kean means to astonish the audience of the *Princess's*. Novelty here is really wanting. Even the revival of "Pauline" was refreshing, so satiated had we become with the constant repetition of "Sardanapalus" and the "Corsican Brothers." We can scarcely call the "Lancers" a new production, since it had already appeared at another metropolitan theatre. It seems a fair query to put to Mr. Kean, Whether he can find no farce or after-piece writer in this large city? If he can, surely it is not just to thrust all the old stale, worn-out pieces of bygone times down the throats of those who attend his theatre.

Webster's last novelty is indeed worth seeing. The two first acts (or tableaux) are both extraordinary proofs of what talent and art can achieve. Nothing in England has yet come up to the second. The sudden breaking up of the ice—the rising of the water, with the manner in which all, save the child, are engulfed—is really wonderful. Webster's costume in the third act is gorgeous in the extreme; his acting extremely fine. He is certainly one of the best "makes up" and one of the best and safest performers of his day. Madame Celeste is a perfect impersonation of *Grace*. She really does not look eighteen years old; and her motions and emotions are alike a study for the admirers of refined acting and classic attitudes. The piece itself is good; but is much injured by the scenic strength of the two first acts, which kill all that follows. The fifth act is almost an anti-climax, and might be judiciously dove-tailed into the fourth. A mythological novelty is here talked of.

Of *St. James's Theatre* the less said for the present the better. There is talent to be found amongst the *troupe;* but a master hand is wanting to bring it out, and place each person in his proper place.

The two Opera-houses are still shrouded in mystery: not a whisper has yet pointed out the probable arrangements.

T. P. Cooke has been starring at the *Standard Theatre* within the last fortnight, looking as young as ever, and dancing his immortal hornpipe with as much elasticity and vigour as he did fifty years ago.

An attempt to make up an English opera-house company at *Drury Lane* has failed.

Albert Smith has re-opened his *Mont Blanc* with such success that there is little chance of getting a seat to behold it. The witty exhibitor is already involved in a somewhat sharp correspondence touching press orders.—The *Gallery of Illustration* is about to give us the wonders and horrors of the Arctic Regions. It seems strange that none have yet shown us a panorama of the seat of war.—*Sydenham Palace* is right well worth a visit.—Love is busy writing an "entertainment."—Mrs. Warner, we fear, is lost to the stage for ever.—The *Adelphi* company is to play before her Majesty, in January. That inimitable display of acting, "The Camp at Chobham," has been selected as one of the pieces.—*Drury Lane* has announced a *bal masqué* for the 19th inst.; *Vauxhall* has lost its licence for similar entertainments.—Mr. Hime will deliver Lover's entertainment on the 16th January.—Our old friend Alfred Bunn will sketch his American trip in a few days, at 69, Regent-street. Theta.

Jenny Lind on the Stage.—The musical public, says *Galignani*, will be glad to learn that Mdme. Goldschmidt has returned to the stage, as will be seen by the following letter from Dresden received last week:—"On Saturday I attended the second of a series of concerts given by Herrn Goldschmidt, Schubert, and Kummer. The evening will be memorable in the annals of the musical world, as that on which Mdme. Jenny Goldschmidt made her first appearance in public since her marriage and return from America. Her voice is as fine as ever."

Elopement of Arab Ladies.—Ben-Ayet, the wealthy ex-Minister of the Bey of Tunis, writes a correspondent, has been to Marseilles to fetch his three wives, and has brought them in triumph to Paris. These ladies have adopted the French costume, and appear in public without veils. The Bey is furious. You are aware that he accuses Ben-Ayet of having plundered his treasury to an immense amount. Since the Minister's flight, his widowed spouses have been detained as precious hostages by the Bey. The police never quitted the door of their house, and only a few women were allowed to visit them. It appears, however, that they whiled the weary hours of captivity by trying on and learning to wear French dresses; and when they became perfect in the art, they one day coolly walked past the sentinels, who mistook them for visitors. Once at large, they were enabled, by the assistance of their friends, to obtain a passport from the French Consulate, and with this they sailed for Marseilles.

ALWAYS IN THE WRONG.

BEING THE ADVENTURES OF SMITH SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

THAT which is everybody's business is clearly nobody's. I shall not, therefore, rake up the names of my parents from their graves—that is to say, my father may rest quiet in his tomb, undisturbed by any allusion on my part to him; my mother shall only be spoken of when she took another name and nature, and became to me a stepfather's wife. Ah! how wide is that step in its every sense! Were I inclined to moralise, I could here descant for an hour on the change a second marriage makes, the estrangement towards her own offspring which it brings to her who only outlived her lamented husband (as she hinted in her first widowhood) "for the sake of her dear babes."

Behold me, then, a fine and promising boy, full (as my mother would have said during my father's life) of health, spirits, and activity, but, as she *now* described me, forward and mischievous, preparing to sail as a jolly reefer on board his Majesty's frigate *Tartar*, an excellent fighting vessel—one so full of dash, so famed for daring, that my stepfather had every hope he might receive the account of my death ere he had occasion to pay my first six months' messing. My amiable mother spared her best black gown on every occasion, seldom wearing it even at church, as she kindly intended, in the pride of her heart, to do me the honour of displaying it as soon as the *Gazette* should promote me to a better world.

The honest truth is, I believe I was a sad bore to the worthy old couple, who kept a boarding-house in or near the Strand. I had caused two old maids to leave their establishment solely because I shod their cats with walnut-shells, and affronted their best boarder, an old curmudgeon, by putting cow-itch in his gloves, besides causing a regular fight amongst the ladies by slipping in three pams when the old dowagers were playing loo, three of whom consequently claimed pam flushes, while the other two got torn caps for their pains.

A joyous reminiscence of these pranks lent its aid to solace my (otherwise) uncomfortable journey to Plymouth, which I effected on the top of one of the incredibly rapid coaches which, in those days, strove to astonish the world at large by performing the distance of 220 miles in fifty-two successive hours, during a fall of rain, and a wind, as we nautically should term it, "right ahead." This *début*, I really do believe, would have sickened me of service ere I had launched into it, had it not been for the bright prospect I then kept in my mind's eye: young Smith Smith with a real dirk by my side.

In addition to these consolations, these hopes of a brighter fortune, I had more substantial reasons for being sanguine. A jolly tar, who dealt out unlimited yarn, beguiled the way by many a tale of "British glory on the seas," charming me above all by stating that Lord Cochrane had just arrived off Plymouth, with golden candlesticks nailed to the mast-head, having in a short cruise of only *six weeks* made upwards of £150,000 prize-money. This I afterwards ascertained to be the truth; and in after times learned the additional fact that he who had thus received a profitable chance (perhaps beyond parallel) from a Tory ministry, went into Parliament some years after to vote against his patrons.

After a journey of sixty-three hours by the fifty-three hours coach, I arrived, drenched to the skin, at Plymouth, and repaired, as per maternal directions, to a small inn in the immediate vicinity of the port, determining to make the most of the following day, as I was in duty bound to embark on the morrow. I therefore, according to the prudent and economical advice of my mamma—advice she had enforced by leaving me without the means of neglecting it—repaired supperless to bed, too many meals being considered by the worthy boarding-house keepers not only unwholesome, but also extravagant.

Although my crib, for it would be ridiculous to style it a bed, was one of the most uncomfortable machines man ever lay awake in, yet youth and fatigue soon reconciled me to it; and after murmuring to myself, in anything but a proper manner, the prayers which my good mother had taught me to offer up nightly, I fell into one of the soundest slumbers I ever enjoyed. Well might Sancho Panza exclaim, "Blessed be the man that first invented sleep! for, like a mantle, it covereth one all over." And, if the life of that pleasant man had been spared to that day, well might he have taken me for an illustration of his sentiment; for in sleep I was closely buried, alike oblivious of hopes and fears, till late the following morning, when I descended, and, by special leave, partook of a somewhat scanty breakfast in the bar-parlour. But my appetite was not at all improved by the mingled fumes of tobacco and gin which came pouring in at each moment as my large landlady rose to fulfil the frequent requests of her customers to draw beer or pour out a glass of "blue ruin." This delicacy of appetite, however, this shrinking feeling at the smell of strong liquors, a very few months on board a man-of-war entirely removed; and Heaven help my partner in a stinted breakfast just now! Though clouds of smoke, though fumes of every strong water under heaven combined to drive away my appetite, the lion's share would still be mine.

Amongst other customers who came for drams, I remarked a very pretty dark-eyed girl, whose tanned skin and red mantle bespoke her of the mysterious race called gipsies. Her white teeth and good-humoured laugh soon won my young heart; and when she offered to tell my fortune "if I would but cross her hand with a bit of silver," I could not resist the temptation, but, pulling out one of my few sixpenny pieces, held out my hand, where she instantly began to perceive lines and indications (God help me!) to me most perfectly invisible.

It is so many years ago, that to tell all she then said, or rather didn't say but jabbered, would be impossible; but the conclusion I can never forget. The four doggrel lines have haunted me through life, and, I do verily believe, often ruled my destiny.

"Yes, my young gentleman," said she, "yes, you will be fortunate and unfortunate, and neither by your own fault or seeking.

"Intents are weak, results are strong,
Strive to do right, you'll sure do wrong—
And always wrong, so short your sight;
Intending wrong, you'll then do right."

And, swallowing with marvellous sleight of hand the glass of raw spirits she had just ordered, she hurried off upon the conclusion of this comfortable prognostic without a word of explanation.

It was now eleven o'clock, and high time to report myself to my captain, to whom I had a letter of introduction; so putting on my hat, and having ascertained his address, I started off with a rather trembling spirit to see this awful personage.

I confess my heart beat high when I was ushered into his presence, though his appearance, at the instant I entered, was anything but forbidding. He was in the act of showing two ladies out. These ladies, I afterwards learnt, were the wife and daughter of the Port Admiral, which circumstance sufficiently accounted to me for the very bland smile which now lit up the features of Captain Sowerby, but which suddenly disappeared, together with all urbanity of manner, as the door closed on his female visitors. Throwing himself in his chair, without any attempt at offering me a similar luxury, he impatiently demanded, "Who are you, boy? and what do you want?" I muttered a few unintelligible words, and handed him my letter, which he read, occasionally looking up to examine me, accompanying his regard each time with a significant "humph!" During this examination of my humble self, I took the liberty of a reciprocal study; and though very young, I made a tolerably accurate guess at the character of my new *chef*—a character I afterwards found to be almost as universal amongst post-captains in the Navy as pride amongst *parvenus*. The letter read, a scowl settled on his brow as he turned to me. "So you are rated as a midshipman on board my vessel?" I tremblingly assented, and assured him how ready I was to obey his orders. "Of course you are. My first is to desire you instantly to go and put on your uniform, and never presume to appear again in my presence without it. Be on board early to-morrow, and now leave the room;" and he took up a book, as I slunk out of the apartment, more abashed and disgusted than I had ever been in my life.

When at length dressed in my uniform, I confess I could not help casting an admiring glance at my own pretty person, and foretelling to myself that I should soon become an admiral, when I faithfully promised myself the luxury of blowing up the ungracious Captain Sowerby. In this delightful state of self-content I was not destined to remain long, however. As I walked along, anxious to find the dockyard, I became puzzled, and forgot the directions I had received. I had no alternative but to ask the way, which I did of a very pretty, and, as I thought, fashionably-dressed young lady, who happened to be passing. She instantly, and with the utmost kindness offered to accompany me, and actually turned round, although she was going in an opposite direction, and walked with me. The two first persons we met were naval officers, in full uniform, sauntering carelessly on the opposite side—one old, and stiff as a ramrod, the other considerably younger, and apparently far better-tempered than his senior; and indeed so it luckily turned out.

"Come here, sir," authoritatively cried the old gentleman; "come here, sir," beckoning to me across the street. I crossed. "Pray, sir, do you know who I am?" I pleaded utter ignorance. "I am the Port Admiral."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, I am. To what ship do you belong?"

"The *Tartar*."

"I shall report you, then, to Captain Sowerby, and desire him to punish you for disrespect and improper conduct."

"Disrespect, sir, how? I am not really aware—"

"What, sir," cried the Admiral, working himself up at each word, "not aware? Are you not aware that your first duty is to touch your hat to me? Do you not know the respect due to your superiors, or must I teach it you?" and, with a magic touch, he sent my hat flying, till, falling, it rolled into the gutter. "But it is no wonder, when I find so young a boy so great a profligate, walking publicly in the streets of Plymouth with a woman of infamous character. Yes, sir, I'll make you recollect it all the days of your life!"

I was stunned. I looked round for my female friend to vindicate her own honour, thus basely aspersed; but, alas! at the first sight of my tormentor she had bolted, to use a technical term, and left me to his lordship's tender mercies.

Vainly I endeavoured to explain my utter ignorance of the character of my companion, and exculpate myself from the charge of disrespect. Nothing would do, till the junior officer, turning to me, asked me how long I had been appointed, whether I had been on board, and other similar questions; when, finding my real position, he spoke a few words to the old noble (for such the Port Admiral was), succeeded in deprecating his anger, and set off with a gentle admonition that the very next time such an offence occurred I should be instantly sent on board the *Tartar* to receive a flagellation.*

In no very proud or pleasant mood, I turned away, and, touching my hat, much against my own will, again returned to the little inn, where I sat down to an under-done mutton-chop and a pint of ale in the tap, or, as my landlord had been pleased to inscribe on the door, the coffee-room. At an opposite table sat a couple of respectable young men, arguing, with great vehemence, on the respective merits of two actresses, each of whom appeared, in the eyes of her champion, to be the Siddons of the future. To decide their dispute, they agreed to visit the theatre together, and, rising, approached a large handbill, which I had not before noticed, announcing the evening's entertainments. Finding that the fair rivals were to appear in the same piece, they made an appointment to meet and go, and then, shaking hands much in the same manner that boxers salute before a fight, separated.

Scarcely were they out of the room when I started up and ran across the chamber, trembling with anxiety and anticipations of pleasure. I had never seen the inside of a theatre. My idea of bliss was to behold a play, and now it was within my grasp; but then, again, had I the wherewithal to pay for my admission?—"Boxes 3s., Pit 1s. 6d., Gallery 1s." Yes, I had a shilling to spare; and though I had intended to lay it out differently, yet when such a temptation offered itself, every other vision faded away. As I turned from the bill, the landlady, who had just come in, and was peeping over my shoulder, observed, with the slightest flavour in the world of affectation, "I shall go to the play to-night." To me this seemed a startling announcement; and the cool way in which she proceeded, "I think you'll like it," rather dazzled me; but determined to allay my heated imagination before I entered the temple of Terpsichore, I took half an hour's stroll towards the port, and, returning somewhat calmed, made the most of myself.

With a gladsome heart I now sought the theatre, as it was nearly four o'clock, and the hour for opening the doors was positively fixed for six. For about an hour and a half I paraded before the portico alone. An old woman, who happened to pass me once or twice during that period, perceiving me still there, asked me whether I was placed there as a sentry, while two or three ragged little boys kept hooting at the top of their voices, "It's no use, middy; she won't come." But I was not to be balked; spite of all this, I *did* wait with untiring patience the opening of the doors, and thus secured to myself a front place in the very centre of the house. It is true a butcher's boy sat on my right, smelling like a large suet pudding, and producing dread blasts from the tube of an old key, while on the left I was supported by a lady whose morning beverage was as unquestionably gin as sour apples were her present amusement. My company altogether, I must admit, was not select; but what cared I? I came to see the play, and I was about to be gratified. Every other consideration but that was a minor consideration.

At length the piece began. It was called "Othello;" and never did I see such acting. It was nature itself. When the performers laughed, I laughed too; and when they cried, I was deluged in tears. In a word, no one behaved better, till, unfortunately, it came to a part where *Othello* demanded a handkerchief. Carried on by strong feelings, identified with the plot, I forgot for a moment that the scene was not real; and when he again, in a voice of thunder, demanded, "Where is the handkerchief I gave you?" I could not for the life of me help crying out, "Ask the other lady—I saw her take it!" In a moment I perceived my mistake. The tragic actors actually burst out laughing, and every eye was turned on me—amongst others, the stern gaze of the pompous old Admiral, who sat in the stage-box in full fig. The look he gave me was almost annihilating—I felt it as such; his brow, as he perceived me, grew blacker and blacker, and I saw him whisper to one of his people. "Ah, ah," thought I, "he's sulky because I forgot to salute him." So standing up, just as he looked round, just as every eye was fixed on me, I pulled off my hat, and, nodding very politely, "I have the honour to salute you, my Lord Admiral," said I. He started up, more enraged than ever. "This is too bad, too outrageous!" and other such expletives I heard him loudly ejaculate as he sent off an officer, apparently to seize me. "Good heavens!" thought I, "can I be again wrong? What shall I do?" for at this moment I saw the face of the officer beyond the crowd at my back. Fortunately, the syren on my left, who, I afterwards found, had picked my pocket of a penknife and pencil-case during the performance, immediately understood the nature of the case, and determined to make a diversion in my favour; or, perhaps she wished to escape herself in the *mêlée*. Be it as it may, no sooner did the officer rise upon her vision than she began to scream out, "The press-gang! the press-gang!" In a moment the whole house was in commotion. The Admiral rose. His messenger became invisible. Apples, gingerbeer-bottles, and a vast incongruity of etceteras began to fly about. No one saw the danger, but everyone thought it at his elbow; groans, whistles, shouts, and imprecations were heard around. One only intelligible sentence met my ear; it came from my fair protector, "I say, jolly, off and on board, or you'll lose your accounts, my dear! Off quick, or you're grabbed!" I did not hesitate. By what means or through what process I know not, but five minutes afterwards I was in bed, having doubly locked the door, and, placing my dirk on a chair at my side in valiant fear of surprise, determined to get on board as early next day as possible.

(To be continued.)

* This incident has already appeared in print; but as the occurrence *really* took place—a near relation of the author being the actual actor in the scene—it is given as it happened.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

Sing unto the Lord. Short Anthem for Christmas, for Four Voices, with Accompaniment for the Organ. Composed by VINCENT NOVELLO. London: Novello, 69, Dean-street.—There is no name so popular among the lovers of sacred harmony as that of Vincent Novello. No man in our day has done more, or half so much, to improve the congregational music, whether in church or chapel, as he has. It is no exaggeration to say that he has domesticated counterpoint in families, substituted scientific harmonies for discordant yells in public religious assemblies, and aroused a true feeling for, and a correct appreciation of good music wherever his admirable compositions have met with a candid reception. This Christmas Anthem exhibits the usual characteristics of his style in sacred pieces; namely, great simplicity and solid learning. The melody is striking and original; the harmonies rich and effective. The piece is so arranged as to allow of efficient performance either with or without an instrument; and, greatest merit of all, is so facile of execution that it may be sung after a single rehearsal, if not at sight, by any tolerably educated choir, or by fireside circles at home. The only drawback against its domestic use may arise from the difficulty of finding in families four trebles for the exquisite *andante*.

"*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.*" Short Anthem for Christmas, for Four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ. By E. J. HOPKINS. London: Novello, 69, Dean-street.—This composition is in some respects a contrast to the one above noticed. We should have guessed without the information of the title that it was the work of an organist, and of one who is a master of his noble instrument. In Novello's Anthem the accompaniment may be omitted, or, being played, may be played on a piano; here the accompaniment is indispensable, and will require an organ, or at least an harmonium, for its decent performance. Again, the melody, though perhaps open to no great objection, is not striking or felicitous, and therefore not readily remembered. Mr. Hopkins is a master of counterpoint; but it strikes us that he has less reverence for his voices than for his instrument. The anthem finishes nobly in a subdued but grand and solemn strain.

Carols for Christmas-tide. Dedicated, by permission, to the Lord Bishop of Oxford. Set to Ancient Melodies, and harmonised for Voices and Pianoforte, by the Rev. T. HELMORE, M.A. The Words principally in imitation of the Original, by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. J. A. Novello, London and New York.—We are glad to welcome this revival of old melodies. Some of them are fresh in our memory, though we never saw them in print before. In hamlets and country places they have gone down like traditions from generation to generation; and, owing to their original simplicity, it is surprising to mark how little they have suffered by mere aural transmission. We could have wished that all the original words had been printed along with them, side by side with the imitations of Mr. M. Neale. These imitations, however, are done in good taste, and have a relish of antiquity about them in keeping with the grey hairs of Father Christmas. The Carols are twelve in number. With the exception of Nos. 10 and 12, they are all arranged in the simplest style, and may be played and sung in families where music is a domestic recreation, without the trouble of rehearsal; indeed, there is no real difficulty in any of them. Some of them are very old—one dates from the eleventh century; there is a remarkable energy about them all, characteristic of the spirit in which our forefathers renewed the yule-log and replenished the wassail bowl. They threw the animation of festivity into their pious carollings, and welcomed the sacred season with merry voices and merry hearts. It is well to revive old customs at Christmas time; and we can commend these old melodies to all lovers of harmony as choice specimens of good old popular music.

Lays of Holyrood. Entertainment of Mary Queen of Scots. Written by Mrs. CRAWFORD. Composed by GEORGE BARKER. London: Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street.—This volume is handsomely got up and adapted as a Christmas present for young ladies. It is a kind of musical history of Mary Queen of Scots, celebrating all the remarkable events of her career, by an appropriate song, duet, or trio. Mr. Barker is a composer of the old school, by which we mean simply the school of the last generation. He abhors the modern Germanisms, fights very shy of complex modulation, and sticks affectionately to the beaten path, wandering neither to the right nor the left. As a series of holiday exercises for the voice and the fingers of the young performer, it will prove useful, perhaps.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

BY CHARLES WILTON.

TWAS in a lone, sequestered dell,
And on a summer's eve;
The sun's last glances lingering fell,
As loath the spot to leave;

For never sun more blithely rose
To light a scene more fair;
Day never had so sweet a close,
Or night a charm so rare.

And I have climbed the rocky steep
That cuts the vale in twain,
And gaze adown the lonely sweep
That seeks the vale again.

I gaze on many a stately dome
Of high imperious name,
On many a low and humble home
Unglorified by fame;

But all are wrapt in deep repose,
And not a sound is there,
To tell how swift the river flows
Between the banks of Care.

Unmarked, the stream of life glides on
To that Eternal Sea
Where earthly sun hath never shone,
Nor aught of earth can be.

And this, to me, is as a spell
That binds me to the night—
That bathes each wild untrodden dell
In waves of mystic light.

There are who say this wondrous world
Is but the work of chance;
That earth, like some huge scroll, unfurled,
And wrought its own advance;

That senseless atoms blindly grew
Into a world of light;
That creatures no Creator knew;
That death's eternal night!

O Man, with aspirations high,
Is this the end you crave?
O Man, with soul that cannot die,
And perish in the grave,

Are all the wonders prophets told
But wild delusive dreams?
And can it be that human mould
Is but the clay it seems?

Shall love and virtue live on earth,
And with the earth decay?
Shall faith, and hope, and stainless worth,
Pass like a dream away?

Come forth, thou false and subtle sage!
Creation read aright!
Cast off the gathering mists of age,
And clear thy clouded sight!

Throw down, throw down the guilty pen,
Break off the stubborn mask!
The creed thou dar'st assert to men
Its truth of Nature ask.

At morn, at noon, or sacred eve,
On land, or on the sea,
The lightest sound thy step may leave
Shall breathe "Eternity!"

Come, tread with me this dizzy height,
And, through this waste of air,
Gaze out upon the forms of night—
What is thine answer there?

The moonlit fields of waving corn,
That ripening harvests fill—
The bubbling springs where lakes are born,
To man subservient still—

All speak of His unbounded love
Who caused those streams to flow,
Who fed those fields from founts above,
And made the harvests grow.

And wheresoe'er the broad moon's rays
In matchless beauty fall,
They mirror forth to thoughtful gaze
The Hand that fashioned all.

There's not a plant upon the earth,
There's not a tree nor flower,
But bears the stamp of heavenly birth,
The proof of heavenly power.

The very leaf on which you tread
Was wrought with wondrous hand,
A fragment of a volume dread
That speaks to every land:

A book unchanged from age to age—
The same since time began;
For Nature is a living page
That preaches God to man.

CITY PORTRAITS AND CITY PICTURES.

MINCING-LANE MEN.

The student of human nature need not travel to the sandy deserts of Africa or the burning shores of Southern America in search of peculiar members of the great family of man; he may find ample matter for observation within three miles of old Saint Paul's. This great metropolis of ours has its own peculiar social Patagonians, the Aztec Lilliputians of civilised life, the Zulu Kaffirs of commerce, each moving in his own particular sphere, as distinct from each other as though they were distinguished by woolly hair, copper skins, or tattooed faces.

I don't know a more peculiar race of people than the Mincing-lane men. Their habits, their language, their occupations, their dress, although partaking of some few varieties, are nevertheless as distinct from the Lombard-street people, or the folks of Old Change or Watling-street, as are the Mantchou Tartars from the Black-feet Indians.

Mincing-lane is a difficult and even a dangerous thoroughfare for nervous gentlemen, elderly ladies, and country cousins, especially between the hours of eleven and two. Persons of ordinary firmness will do well to avoid it, and try Rood-lane or Philpot-lane in preference. Talk of Scylla and Charybdis, indeed, or the Goodwin Sands or Dungeness in a southerly gale—they are the merest trifles in the world compared to a ramble down Mincing-lane when the narrow pavement is greasy with mud, when two or three "importers of foreign wines and spirits" are lowering pipes of sherry down treacherous trap-doors, when heavily-loaded ticket-porters are urging you forward from the rear, when a whole file of incipient "fast" young brokers rush at you in front like so many public rams, and when a detachment of Pickford's heavy express-vans are dashing along by your side, grinding sparks of fire from the kerb-stones. The man who can pass through this ordeal without flinching or seeking shelter in any of the dark gateways must be a genuine "brick;" and I should like to have his address.

Eleven o'clock has struck on a gloomy drizzly November morning, and Mincing-lane is "lively"—that is to say, Pickford's vans, ticket-porters, and fast brokers are carrying it all before them. I have twice sought refuge up solemn-looking archways at Numbers 36 and 38; I have narrowly escaped sudden death, and find myself on the steps of a rather handsome stone building, into which I walk with a string of Mincing-lane men. It is the Commercial Sales Room, or rather the reading-room; the rooms for public sales of colonial and foreign articles being on the floors above.

I join the motley throng of "produce-brokers," as they are called, and, whilst I scan their outward forms, endeavour to glean something of what is passing about me. I listen, but hear only a strange medley, the Mincing-lane *patois*—a sort of commercial unknown tongue, which might as well have been Japanese or Esquimaux to my ears. One racy young fellow, with a bunch of violets in his button-hole, is remarking to a lively broker with a moss-rose in his mouth that "plantations" are "getting quite buoyant," but at the same time regrets to see "natives drooping." I have scarcely time to wonder who these natives can be that are in such a low state of mind, when the moss-rose whispered confidentially to a portly person in a white cravat that "Bengals are likely to become very animated." Whether this excitement is looked for as the effect of the passing of the late India Bill, I can only guess. Some one remarked that molasses were "firm," others that saltpetre was "lively," another gave it as his decided opinion that rice will soon become "steady," whilst his neighbour shook his head and remarked that nutmegs had never been so "flat" as they then were.

Whilst I listen in astonishment and confusion to these men who seriously declare that nutmegs are "flat," and that rice is going to abandon its reckless mode of life and become steady at last, I hear what I should imagine to be a muffin-bell violently agitated, were it not that those luxuries are not sold so early in the day. At the first sound of the tinkling bell, brokers, clerks, and merchants, violets and moss-roses, rush like madmen up the side staircase, whilst all the world of Mincing-lane and its fellow thoroughfares appears pouring in from the street outside, hot, muddy, and breathless, as though to-day's sale were to be the last on this side of Christmas, and they had extensive orders to purchase.

Up the wide, thickly-thronged stairs, past the clerk on the landing with his hands as full of quills as the back of a porcupine, round to the right, and there are the "sale-rooms." Not the first of these nor the second—they are reserved for foreign fruits and spices—but we enter the third door; and there, scrambling over the semi-circular rows of seats that face a sort of platform and pulpit, are to be seen and heard the heart and soul of Mincing-lane.

The lots of coffee, the biddings made, the lightning rapidity with which thousands of pounds' worth of "fine fine ordinary" and "low middling" are put up and knocked down, are all past my comprehension by a considerable distance. I am, however, amused and edified to a degree by the easy air, the happy, child-like playfulness, the cool humour of these Mincing-lane men. Jokes fly about as thickly as the fog outside: there is nothing else to laugh at, and so these keen-witted, playful brokers are merry at the wretched prices they are knocking down a thousand "natives" for. An incipient dealer in "plantations" raises shouts of laughter by sketching on the wall the lengthened visage of the planter on hearing of the prices obtained for his "clean garbled, even quality;" and another, a knowing hand, up to a few things I imagine, makes a humorous inquiry as to whether the said planter will feel in that happy mood usually denominated "all serene!"

Stook and Company are selling. They are considered knowing hands in "the Lane," especially Jemmy Stook, the principal. The firm was formerly Newman and Stook, and perhaps "did" the heaviest stroke in their line at one time. But they "went down" in the crisis of '47: not from speculation—oh, dear, no; it was nothing but "the panic" that brought *them* down. However, here they all are again, three firms sprung out of one, and a goodly business they manage amongst them. Unkind people, men who are jealous of Stook—and there is actually a little jealousy even in the Lane—these folks sometimes hint mysteriously about his dabbling in stocks, especially during the recent Russo-Turkish panic, and venture upon wishing that he may be able to "recover himself" some day.

The dapper little man on the front bench, clad as though for a select evening-party, is quite an original. He is one of the Mastodons of the Lane, an antediluvian member of a race of slow men, fast disappearing from the surface of the metropolitan earth. His prim neckcloth, his scanty coat, his tightly-fitting pantaloons, his thin shoes and white stockings, are never varied from the first day of January until the last day of December. He doesn't appear to be buying much; indeed, the young hands are too quick for him, and his only chance is to catch a stray lot when the others are in the midst of a good joke.

Standing near him is a slim-built, quick-eyed, dark-whiskered man, jotting down the lots sold with all the energy imaginable. This man is essentially a "lane broker," though not strictly of this class. He belongs properly to the Drug and Dye section, but contrives to insert his restless, itching fingers into every catalogue. Nothing seems to come amiss to this universal broker, from castor-oil to brass wire. He would not object, at the very shortest notice, to selling a few lots of "double-crowned grapnells," with tackle complete, warranting them at the same time equal to the best bower anchors, free from "sea-damage" and "coming out well in the liquor." There is nothing under the sun he will not profess a knowledge of—rather a dangerous quality one might suppose amongst men of the world; but, like the hawk, his success arises from the rapidity of his movements. He is always in such a terrific hurry when you meet him, he has so many pressing engagements during the next ten minutes, that you have not time to disconcert him; and just when you fancy you have detected him in some blunder, and have got him fast by the button, lo! he is off and away, round the corner, dashing in between a Hansom cab and a lively van at full pace.

But the day's auction of "coloury plantations" and "clean natives" is at an end, and the "Lane men" empty themselves into the coffee-room and the street, as boisterously and playfully as any number of schoolboys breaking loose from Latin grammar. I follow some of the very fastest into their sample-rooms, where may be seen ample counters covered with small black boards, on which are distributed with some regard to order a number of smooth symmetrical pyramids of sugar of every variety of colour and grain: one might fancy the young men had been playing at making "dirt-pies" to pass away an idle hour. Little heaps of coffee are scattered about, skirting a whole ocean of rice along the huge table beneath the sky-light, amongst which are dotted little islands of spices and caves of saltpetre, a perfect geographical distribution of tropical produce.

A foreign merchant is in the darkened office at number "thirty-six," settling for a "floating cargo" of "washed Rio." Five minutes are sufficient for the arrangement of as many thousand pounds' worth of coffee. The nod is given, the word passed; and in an hour's time the thin clerk in the inky den up stairs has the "contract" made out and despatched by the small courier who is in training for an office-stool, and who submits meekly to all the personal indignities incidental to his functions in the fond anticipation of being some day able to take his turn at the fun.

I have said that the habits, both of costume and business, of Mincing-lane men are of a marked character. They are equally *fast*. There is something about the extended tie of the cravat, the jaunty pitch of the hat, the cut of the waistcoat, the coquetting of the watch-guard and white handkerchief, that is hardly to be forgotten. Then as to business-habits, never do any race of men fall into such extremes as your regular modern brokers of the Lane. They are all excitement and haste, knocking over orange-girls and hot-chesnut women in the streets, and worrying their pale-faced, over-worked clerks like tame wild beasts with weight-notes and account-sales until eleven at night, or they fall off into the opposite extreme; and when "floating cargoes" are scarce, and "natives" won't move, they invest freely in tin pea-shooters and penny trumpets, and, taking up fortified positions at first-floor windows, act over a playful version of the battle of Oltenitza, by sending forth a war-blast on their trumpets and keeping up a brisk cannonade of peas upon the Russian foot-passengers on the opposite banks of the Lane.

Between the excitement of contracts and the solace of penny-trumpets, the "Lane men" contrive to reap a golden harvest. A half per cent. or ten shillings commission on every hundred pounds' worth of goods sold or bought, may not appear much, yet it not unfrequently brings in four or five hundred pounds sterling in a few hours. Some of the "houses" are conducted on a truly princely style, with excellent suites of offices and a legion of clerks; others, again, grub on anyhow, in premises that are more fitted for dealers in marine-stores, and with such a miserable force of clerks that a busy day of floating cargoes keeps them up until midnight for a week afterwards.

Most of them are realising handsome incomes, living in easy elegance a few miles out of town, yet seldom if ever absent from their counting-houses. The Lane was considerably shaken by the crisis of 1847; but since that period most of the firms have got well on their legs again, and will no doubt remain so until the next panic. By a pleasant fiction of the commercial world, brokers are supposed never to buy or sell on their own account; and, although possessing the best information, never to speculate upon the strength of it. Catholic priests, who have all taken an oath of celibacy, generally contrive to have a pretty "niece" to keep house for them; and much in the same style do brokers observe their commercial celibacy: not one of your "Lane men" but keeps his speculative "nephew."

Bodleian Library.—Some time ago a native of Greece visited one of our Universities with a view of disposing of some manuscripts to the curators of the Bodleian Library, but did not succeed in doing so. The same individual offered some manuscripts for sale to Sir F. Madden, the keeper of the manuscript department of the British Museum; and those which were proved to be undoubtedly genuine were purchased, and are now in that Museum, but others, which were believed to be forgeries, were rejected by Sir. F. Madden. This explanation is necessary, because it has been stated in some papers, more particularly in the *Augsburg Gazette*, that some forged manuscripts had been purchased for the British Museum, which is not the case, as Sir F. Madden is able to testify.

A New Comet.—On the morning of the 2nd instant a comet was discovered by Mr. Clinkerfues, of the Gottingen Observatory, on the border of the Constellation Perseus, near the foot of Andromeda. At four o'clock A.M., on the 3rd, its Right Ascension was in 1h. 37m. 20s., and its declination 51 deg. 37 sec. north. The diurnal motion in Right Ascension was 2m. towards the west, and in declination of 1¼ deg. towards the south. Mr. Clinkerfues was the discoverer of the third comet of the present year, which became so conspicuous at the end of August in the north-western heavens.

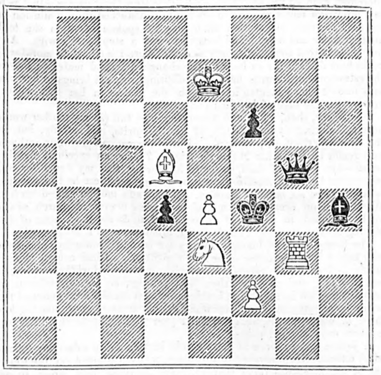
CHESS.

[*Correspondents are requested to address all Communications to* Mr. Kling, 451, *New Oxford-street.*]

No. I.

PROBLEM BY HERR HORWITZ.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White mates in five moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. I.

White.	Black.
1. Kt. to K. Kt. second (check)	1. K. to K. fourth
2. R. takes Q. (check)	2. P. takes R. or (A.)
3. P. to K. B. fourth (check)	3. P. takes P. (disc. check)
4. Kt. takes B.	4. Anything.
5. Kt. mates	

Variation A.

White.	Black.
2.	2. B. takes R.
3. P. to K. B. fourth (check)	3. B. takes P.
4. Kt. to K. R. fourth	4. Anything.
5. Kt. mates	

GAME 27 IN THE MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. LOEWENTHAL AND HARRWITZ.

White. (Mr. L.)	Black. (Mr. H.)
1. P. to Q. fourth	1. P. to Q. fourth
2. P. to Q. B. fourth	2. P. to K. third
3. Kt. to Q. B. third	3. Kt. to K. B. third
4. P. to Q. R. third	4. P. to Q. B. fourth
5. P. to K. third	5. Kt. to Q. B. third
6. Kt. to K. B. third	6. P. to Q. R. third
7. P. to Q. Kt. third	7. P. to Q. Kt. third
8. B. to Q. Kt. second	8. P. takes Q. P.
9. K. P. takes P.	9. B. to Q. third
10. R. to Q. B. square	10. Castles
11. B. to Q. third	11. R. to Q. R. second
12. Castles	12. P. takes P.
13. P. takes P.	13. Q. R. to Q. second
14. Q. to K. second	14. K. R. to K. square
15. Kt. to K. fourth (*a*)	15. Kt. to K. second
16. Kt. takes Kt. (check)	16. P. takes Kt.
17. Kt. to K. R. fourth (*b*)	17. Kt. to K. Kt. third
18. Kt. takes Kt.	18. K. B. P. takes Kt.
19. B. to K. fourth (*c*)	19. P. to K. B. fourth (*d*)
20. B. to Q. B. second	20. R. to Q. B. second
21. B. to Q. R. fourth	21. B. to Q. second
22. B. takes B.	22. Q. takes B.
23. P. to K. Kt. third	23. Q. to Q. B. third
24. K. R. to K. square	24. Q. to Q. Kt. second
25. P. to Q. B. fifth	25. P. takes P.
26. P. takes P.	26. B. to K. B. square (*e*)
27. P. to Q. B.)	27. Q. to Q. Kt. fourth
28. Q. takes Q.	28. P. takes Q.
29. B. to K. fifth (*g*)	29. Q. R. to Q. B. square
30. R. to K. third	30. K. R. to Q. square
31. B. to Q. Kt. eighth	31. K. R. to Q. fourth
32. B. to Q. R. seventh	32. P. to K. fourth
33. R. to Q. Kt. third	33. K. to B. second
34. B. to Q. Kt. sixth	34. B. to Q. third
35. P. to Q. B. seventh	35. K. to K. third
36. K. R. to Q. B. third	36. K. to Q. second
37. K. to K. B. square	37. P. to K. R. third
38. P. to K. R. third	38. P. to K. R. fourth
39. K. to K. second	39. P. to K. Kt. fourth
40. B. to Q. R. fifth	40. P. to K. Kt. fifth
41. P. to K. R. fourth	41. P. to K. fifth
42. R. from B square to B. second	

And the game was given up as drawn.

(*a*) We firmly believe that after this move White, with proper care, must have won.

(*b*) P. to Q. B. fifth would have been preferable.

(*c*) This fine move was made with the intention of inducing Black to advance his K. B. P., in order that the fire of the Q. B. might be freed.

(*d*) Black advances this Pawn, believing his adversary made the preceding move with the object of playing the K. B. to Q. B. sixth, which any ordinary player will discover involves the loss of White's K. R. P.

(*e*) Had Black taken the Pawn with the B., White would have won immediately by Q. to K. fifth.

(*f*) Well played. Again, had Black taken the Pawn, Q. to K. fifth must have won.

(*g*) There is no doubt that R. to K. fifth would have led to victory.

The score of the highly-interesting contest at present stands thus—

Loewenthal	10
Harrwitz	8
Drawn	11

SPORTING NEWS.

TATTERSALL'S.—Monday.

Subscribers mustered numerously; but beyond paying and receiving on the Wolverhampton events, very little business was transacted, as the subjoined brief list of quotations will show:—

Great Northern Handicap.

1000 to 20 agst Mr. W. Smith's Little David (taken)
1000 to 20 — Mr. Howard's Nabob (taken)
1000 to 20 — Mr. W. H. Barrett's Haco
1000 to 15 — Mr. Palmer's Goldfinder (taken)
1000 to 15 — Mr. John Scott's Songstress (taken)
1000 to 15 — Mr. H. Law's Jonathan Martin (taken)
1000 to 15 — Mr. Howard's Little Harry (taken)
1000 to 10 — Baron Rothschild's Hungerford (taken)
1000 to 10 — Mr. J. Atkins's Mr. Sykes (taken)

Most of the above bets were laid outside the room.

Chester Cup.

2000 to 30 agst Mr. Howard's Virago (taken)
1000 to 15 — Mr. Howard's Little Harry (taken)

Derby.

9 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's King Tom (taken to 250*l.*)
13 to 1 — Lord Derby's Dervish (14 to 1 taken to 25*l.*)
20 to 1 — Mr. J. Adkins's Ruby (taken)
1000 to 30 — Mr. J. Scott's Meteora (taken)
1000 to 30 — Lord Derby's Boiardo (taken)
1000 to 25 — Mr. Bull's Corin (taken)
1000 to 25 — Mr. Morris's Knight of St. George (taken)
2000 to 30 — Mr. St. George's Brother to Chanticleer (laid twice)

Autocrat was nominally at 6 to 1.

LONDON GAZETTES.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.

J. JAMES, Oxford-street, and John-street, trunk-maker.

BANKRUPTS.

J. SADLER, Vere-street, Clare-market, tallow-chandler — T. SHENTON, Bethnal-greeen-road, grocer—P. OLIVER, Edward-square, Brompton, and Llambadarnfwr, Cardiganshire, dealer in mining-shares—J. DELANY, Mark-lane, wine-merchant—P. SALTER, York-place, and Tredegar-square, Mile-end, doctor of medicine—S. BARTHOLOMEW, Birmingham, licensed victualler—C. S. TWIGG, Cardiff, brickmaker—J. L. WARD, Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner—G. ALCOCK, Manchester, draper.

TUESDAY, DEC. 13.

BANKRUPTS.

J. RICHARDSON, J. S. WICKS, and H. SMITH, Upper Queen's-buildings, Brompton, upholsterers—J. CONNOP, New Finchley-road, St. John's-wood, commission agent—C. DRUKE, Garlick-hill, City, drysalter—S. BARNETT, Houndsditch, Birmingham and Sheffield warehouseman—W. HOLME, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer.

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A fourth accident within a fortnight, and a third within a mile of the same spot, has occurred on the Manchester and Liverpool section of the London and North Western Company's lines: but it, like all the preceding ones, was unattended by any loss of life or serious personal injury, although it was of a very alarming nature. It seems that shortly before half-past five o'clock, a luggage-train from Manchester to Liverpool stopped at the Barton Moss station, two miles and three quarters beyond Patricroft, to shunt some waggons. As a warning to the driver of the 4.45 first and second class stopping-train for Chester, which was known to be about due, fog-signals were put down; but they were either not laid far enough from the station, or the slippery state of the rails deprived the driver of the ordinary control over his train; for while the luggage-train was lying across both lines, the passenger-train came up at a great although reduced speed, and dashed into it. The shock was very severe; but we cannot learn that, with the exception of the guard and a few passengers who were bruised and violently shaken, any person was injured. The engine of the passenger-train was so much shattered as to be quite disabled; the tender was destroyed, and the break van was smashed up. The last two waggons in the luggage-train were also demolished; and their contents, together with the other wreck, completely blocked up both lines of rails. Assistance was, we believe, soon obtained from Patricroft; and the men, aided by the passengers by the Cheshire Junction train, set to work to clear away the obstruction. Shortly after the accident, the 4.30 express-train from Liverpool came up; but it was safely stopped, and many of the passengers from it joined the ranks of the workers. The line to Manchester was cleared so as to allow the express from Liverpool to reach the Victoria Station at five minutes after seven, instead of at twenty minutes to six o'clock; and, at the time it left Barton Moss, little remained to be done in order to clear the road for the Chester train, for which another engine had arrived from Manchester. A train from Preston Junction, bringing passengers and mails from the North, reached Manchester soon after the express, having been detained about an hour; the 5.15 first-class train from Manchester to Liverpool was also detained about the same time; but beyond this there was no interruption to the passenger-traffic.

MORE GAROTTE ROBBERIES.

The *Manchester Guardian* reports that shortly after half-past five o'clock P.M., on Monday week, Mr. Councillor James Ainsworth was coming from the Hyde-road into Manchester, and when passing along Summer-place, Ardwick, which runs into that road, and also into Chancery-lane, he was suddenly seized from behind by two men, one of whom threw his arms round his neck, and half choked him. These men held Mr. Ainsworth against the wall of the Ardwick Cemetery while they rifled his pockets, taking from the breast-pocket of his coat a small purse containing two half-sovereigns, and from one of the pockets of his trousers about 15*s.* in silver, and some small articles. Though, of course, much agitated, and in considerable pain, Mr. Ainsworth had the presence of mind to put his hand to his watch—a gold one, worth, with its appendages, about £30—break the guard ribbon by which it was held, and allow the watch to slip down his elastic drawers. The men having robbed him of all the money he had about him, ran off, the whole not occupying more than a minute and a half. After they had gone, Mr. Ainsworth found his watch perfectly safe. He subsequently walked into town, but suffered a good deal from pain about the throat. About a week before a young man named Holmes was robbed in the same locality. On Thursday evening Mr. Patrick Foley, a rope and twine maker, Deangate, was attacked somewhere in Ardwick, and, after being garotted, was robbed of a valuable silver lever watch. Several other robberies with violence have been committed in the same neighbourhood.

The *North British Daily Mail* also reports as follows:—On Tuesday week, about nine o'clock P.M., while a young man was passing through Dunlop-street, he was invited by a female to speak with her in an entry there. The simpleton had no sooner passed a short way up the lane or close into which he was invited, than he was seized by a man acting in concert with the woman, who held him so that he could not breathe, and thus robbed him of a silver watch. When the depredation occurred, several young men witnessed the occurrence and raised an alarm; the thief was pursued, and he was caught immediately after, throwing away the watch to avoid identification. The robber is now in custody.

A Snake in a Man's Stomach.—An extraordinary circumstance occurred a few days ago to Jonathan Smith, gunner's mate, who was paid off at Portsmouth, on the 6th of May last, from her Majesty's ship Hastings, on her return to England from the East Indies. He obtained six weeks' leave. On the expiration of that time, after seeing his friends at Chatham, he joined the Excellent gunnery-ship, at Portsmouth. After some time he was taken unwell, his illness increased, and he exhibited a swelling in his stomach and limbs. The surgeon considering it arose from dropsy, he was removed into Haslar Hospital; and after much painful suffering, although he had every attention paid to him by the medical officers of the establishment, he died. Two hours before his death a living snake, nine inches in length, came out of his mouth, causing considerable surprise. How the reptile got into his stomach is a mystery; it is supposed that the deceased must have swallowed the reptile when it was young, drinking water, when the Hastings was out in India, as the ship laid for some time at Trincomalee, and close to a small island called Snake Island. The crew used very often to find snakes on board. The way they used to get into the ship was by the cable, and through the hawsers into the forecastle. The deceased was forty years of age.

The Darien Ship Canal Expedition.—The Darien Ship Canal Expedition is appointed to sail on the 17th instant (to-day), and will consist, on the part of the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company, of Dr. Cullen, the discoverer of the route and concessionaire, as pioneer; Messrs. Gisborne, Forde, and Bennett, and four assistant-engineers, who will be accompanied by Captain Collinson, R.E., and Lieut. Singen, R.E., on behalf of the British Government, and will rendezvous at Jamaica, with Lieut. Strange, U.S. Navy, and the surveying-party under his command, on board the United States sloop of war Cyane, Captain Holmes, which will be joined at Port Royal by her Majesty's ship Scorpion, and another British man-of-war, and by a French man-of-war from Martinique; and the squadron will then proceed to Caledonia Bay, on the Atlantic coast of Darien, whence the surveying-parties will cross the Isthmus to the River Savana and the Gulf of San Miguel, where a man-of-war from the Pacific station will be ready to receive them. They will then commence a detailed survey of the route, from whence their return may be expected about the 1st of May next.

Price of Wheat under Free-trade and under Protection.—Through the early part of the year we imported wheat and flour largely from France and Belgium. For some time since the harvest they have been purchasers in our market. It is clear, therefore, that the price in those countries has undergone a greater rise than the price in England. It was below the price in our markets; it is now higher. The same is also true of Italy, from which we imported no inconsiderable quantity of wheat (115,000 quarters) in the early part of the year, and which, since the harvest, has outbid us for wheat in the market of Odessa. We put these generally-known and often-stated facts thus prominently before our readers as a complete answer to certain Protectionist cavillers, who are now trying to throw a slur on free trade in corn because prices here have risen considerably. They have not risen so much as prices have risen in States in which Protection still exists, and which have actually been obliged to set the law aside in order to prevent the people from starving or rising in insurrection.

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS.

It is a Sign of the Times as significant, perhaps, as any, that while instances of the olden generosity which caused cathedrals to be built, established colleges, and founded splendid charities, rarely or never occur, examples of the plunder of such institutions are almost as numerous as those institutions themselves. England was ignorant and poor when the Hospital of St. Cross, and a hundred kindred charities, were founded. England is well-schooled and rich now that they are neither strengthened nor added to, but dissipated and pillaged, either by mean frauds, or by processes which are understood to bear that character by very sensible men.

How the revenues of the "Almshouse of Noble Poverty," the Hospital of St. Cross at Winchester, intended for the support of "poor men past their strength," have been appropriated to the use (or abuse, if it be true that money ill got is ill spent) of one man rich in benefices and strong in patronage, is notorious to all who have been interested in the proceedings against Lord Guildford. Lord Guildford is a peer of the realm, and, if there be truth in the Church, a priest of Christ; he is, besides, the son of a bishop, the canon of a Cathedral, and the owner of two livings; and Lord Guildford is accused of having appropriated to his own purposes "ninety thousand pounds of charity moneys left for the relief of the indigent and deserving." He is not charged with accomplishing this boldly, at risk of life, like the daring thievery of old, but meanly and to the sacrifice of veracity and honour. Men there are still—and those not absolute Romans either, less holy than a priest should be, and less noble than a peer—who would prefer the hazard of life to the loss of these; but neither in defence of honesty nor honour does the reverend Lord Guildford venture to put to the proof the accusations that soil his name. We believe that never before did priest or peer stand heaped upon with so much shame, and that never was shame of any complexion endured with such utter insensibility.

ST. CROSS HOSPITAL.

It is not our intention here, however, to expatiate upon a subject which can scarcely be treated without the appearance, at least, of intemperance. The very statement of such a case must carry passion with it, if honest folks' hearts are made to burn when rich men crawl upon their knees to filch from poor. To do, and not to argue, is the necessity of the matter; and to do now lies with the Attorney-General and Her Majesty's faithful Commons.

The Hospital of St. Cross, of which an engraving is given above, is situated at the distance of a mile from Winchester. It was founded early in the thirteenth century by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen, and then Bishop of Winchester, for the use of "thirteen poor men past their strength." It was provided that "they should have lodging, clothing, and a daily allowance of wheaten bread, meat, and ale; and it was also provided that a hundred others, the poorest that could be found in the city, of good character, should be dined in a common hall, called 'The Hundred Mennes' Hall,' with the right to carry away so much of their allowance as they could not consume. According to the foundation, there was to be a master, a steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers for the church. The masters, one after another, however, had so succeeded in absorbing the income of the charity by the time that Wykeham was appointed bishop that he was obliged to have recourse to the law to recover the alienated property. This property was then of the annual value of £400—no inconsiderable sum in those days. A vast addition to this income was made by Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, who endowed it in 1444 with land to the value of £500 yearly; at the same time appointing that, in addition to the existing number of persons in the establishment, there should be maintained two priests, thirty-five brethren and three sisters to act as nurses to the sick of the community. To accommodate this large number of persons, he almost rebuilt the Hospital, giving to the enlarged building the beautiful title of *Domus Eleemosynaria Nobilis Paupertatis*—or the Almshouse of Noble Poverty.

"The Hospital was deprived of a considerable portion of its revenues by Henry VIII. Nevertheless, enough was left for the maintenance of thirteen brethren, a master, steward, and chaplain—the present establishment; and the funds have within the last hundred years so increased in value that the post of master has been a sinecure of considerable emolument. Ale and bread are still supplied to such applicants as apply before the daily provision—a sadly diminished one—is exhausted. But the ale is very *small*, and the bread needs a hungry appetite: the whole affair is, in short, a most discreditable farce.

"The principal court, which is entered from the gateway of the porter's lodge, is occupied by a neatly-kept lawn surrounded by flower-beds. The north side is bounded by the master's house and the Refectory; on the eastern side runs the ambulatory for the use of the brethren in wet weather; over this are the rooms once occupied by the three nuns, and the Infirmary. On the western side are the abodes of the brethren, each of whom has a distinct set of three chambers to himself; and the south is partially formed by the old Anglo-Norman church of St. Cross.

"The Refectory is a very interesting old room, as it exhibits a genuine specimen of the dining-halls of such places in the olden time. The antique timber-roof—the gallery from which the benediction was given of old before meals, and from which, on festive occasions, the stream of music used to issue—the very black-jacks out of which the old fellows used to drink, are seen upon the ponderous side-table. The brethren no longer dine here daily as they used to do, being allowed to take their daily rations of one pound of meat, one loaf of bread, and three quarts of beer, home to their own houses; but on certain occasions they still dine here, and after their meal make merry round a raised hearth in the centre of the room, an extra allowance of beer being given for the occasion. The 'Nunnes' Chambers' is a range of apartments anciently used as the Infirmary of the establishment; at the south end of those apartments is a window which opens directly into the church, so that, when it was opened, the sick lying in their beds might listen to the service when it was going forward.

"The most interesting portion of the establishment, in an architectural sense, is the church, built in the reign of Stephen, which exhibits some admirable specimens of Anglo-Norman architecture. This structure, which is of no inconsiderable size, being 160 feet in length by 120 feet in width, is built in the form of a cross, with a stately tower rising in the centre, which is open to a considerable height above the vaulting of the nave, and which serves as a lantern to the choir, in the same manner that the tower in Winchester Cathedral is supposed to have done. The ponderous pillars, with their capitals and arches ornamented with the chevron, the wavy, the indented, and other ornaments in very perfect preservation, present us with an excellent specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the early part of the twelfth century. Here and there Gothic encroachments have taken place, showing the manner in which those who have restored it from time to time adopted the style of architecture prevalent in their day. The choir is floored, as are also some parts of the church, with glazed tiles, some of them ornamented with very antique emblems, and here and there one is seen bearing the words, 'Have mynde;' intended doubtless to call back the wandering minds of the brethren to holy thoughts.

"The whole Hospital presents, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of an ancient charitable institution to be found in the island. On some occasions the imaginative mind might almost fancy that the old time was returned. To look in, for instance, upon this little fraternity on the anniversary of the birthday of the founder, when collected round the ancient hearth of the Refectory, robed in their long sable mantles, on which the silver crosses glitter in the light, and drinking out of the huge black-jacks to the memory of their benefactor, a man might imagine himself living in the time of the early Henries. On such festivals, too, still more picturesque scenes and remnants of ancient hospitality are going on in the court-yard. Here, on six particular eves of the year, doles of bread are given away to the crowd of poor, who on these occasions gather in the outer court; and when all the loaves of bread are gone, a halfpenny is given to every person who demands it, no matter how great may be the number. Although the successive masters have kept up, so far, the ancient customs of the hospital, they have not, most certainly, had the interests of the poor brethren so much at heart as their own.

"St. Cross, and the manner in which its funds have been administered, has been the standing example of corrupt management, in the mouths of declaimers, for many a past year."*

* Quoted from Mr. Knight's very excellent "Land we Live In."

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